BRITANNIA and

Eve

APRIL–MAY, 1956
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★ *Knit our cover sweater—see inside*

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BRITANNIA and Eve

APRIL-MAY
1956

VOL. 52 NO. 4

CONTENTS

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Cover Design: *Annette*

Articles

We Have Brought Summer Home
by *Winifred Stivens*
Illustration
by *Joy Hanington* 9 and 60

Let's Look Through The Commercials
by *Freddy Bloom* 13 and 80

A Palace Prepares For Britain's Queen
by *Anne Grey* 14–15 and 73

A Front Door Opens . . .
No. 4. Maids of Honour Row 16–19

A Benison Of Flowers
Illustrations
by *Charles Stewart* 24–25

Fashion
Illustrations
by *Primrose* 26–29

What A Pet!
Written and illustrated
by *Lucien Lowen* 32–33

Pinchbeck Secret
by *Gordon Stannus* 34–35 and 74

Books
by *Trevor Allen* 39 and 68

Knitting:
Two From Paris 40–41, 86 and 88

Beauty
Grey for Glamour 42–43, 80 and 85

Colour In The Kitchen 44–45

Refrigerators
Illustrations
by *Margaret Sweeney* 46–49

Tricks With Napkins
Illustrations
by *Pidherney* 50–51 and 70

Choose The Right Headline! 52–53

Motoring:
Driving Abroad Made Easy
by *Gwen Robyns* 54–55 and 66

Elizabeth And Her Surrey Garden
Rockeries Without Tears.
by *Elizabeth Hay* 55 and 85

Cookery:
Give Them Bacon
by *Janet Darby* 56 and 60

Shopping:
Margaret Sharp 58–59

Furniture
Come Into The Parlour 63–64

Stories

Fair Substitute
by *Ursula Bloom*
Illustrations
by *Jack Faulks* 10–12 and 73

A Crown Of Thorns
by *Frank G. Slaughter* 20, 76, 79, 82
With Easter Story illustrations
by *Sherborne* 21–23

Lullaby For One
by *Helen Davis Szold*
Illustration
by *Showell* 30–31–82 and 86

False Scent
by *Frank Headland*
Illustrations
by *Brookshaw* 36–38

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2, and must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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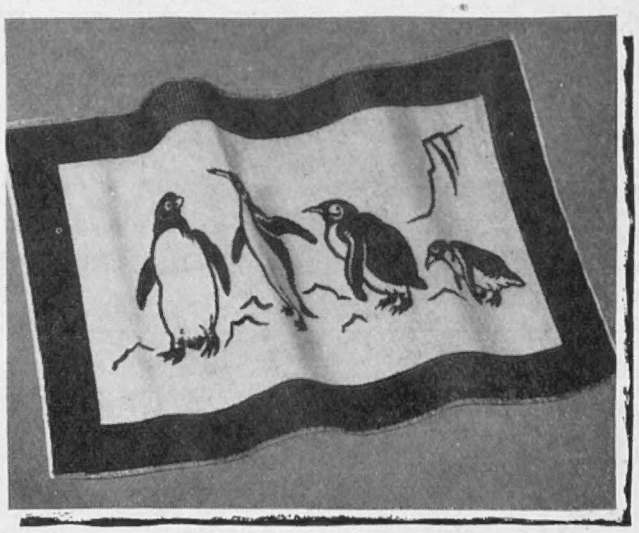

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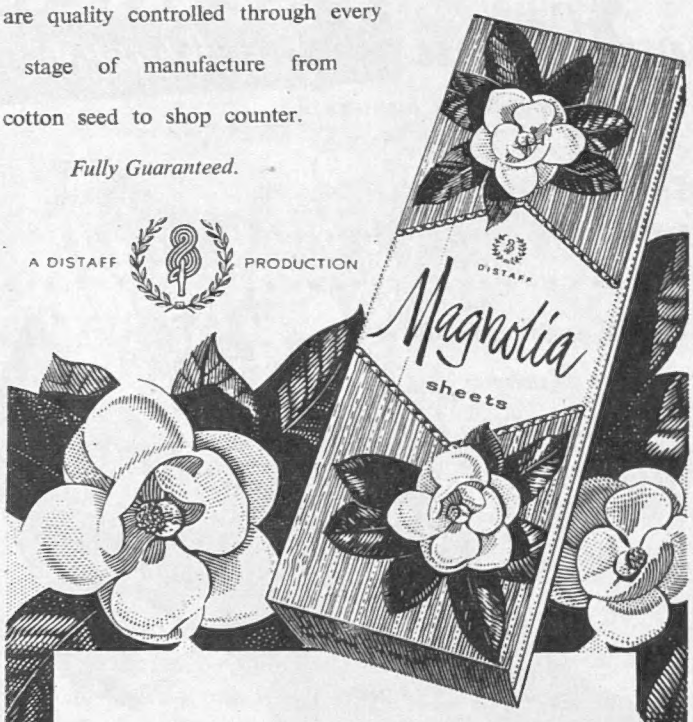

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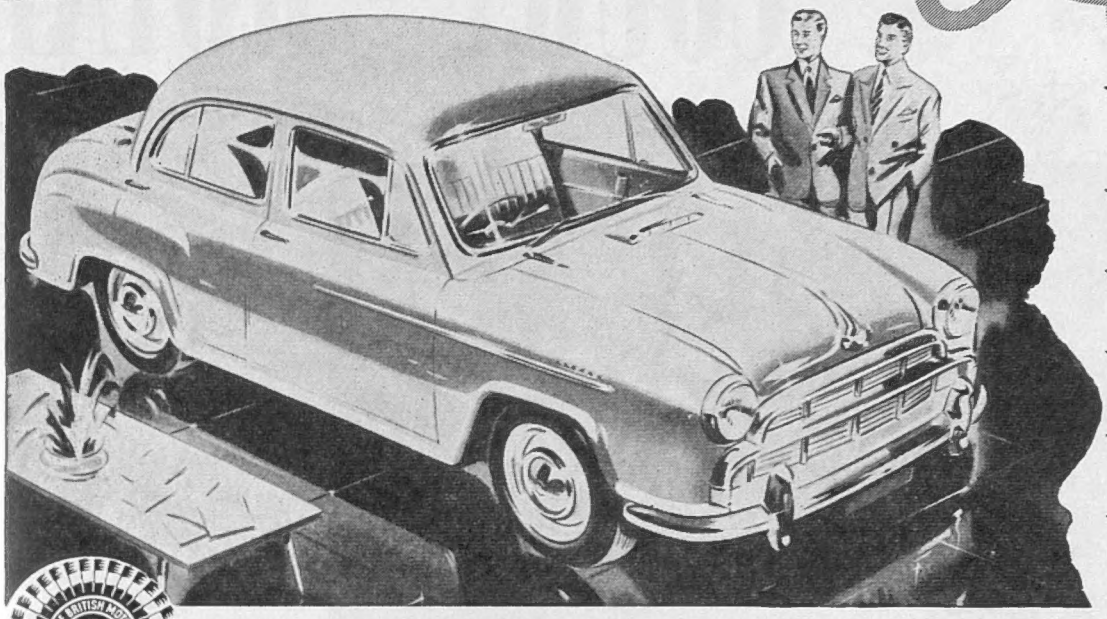

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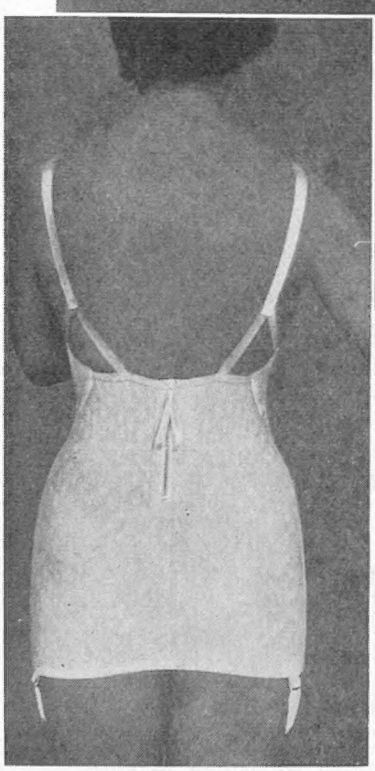

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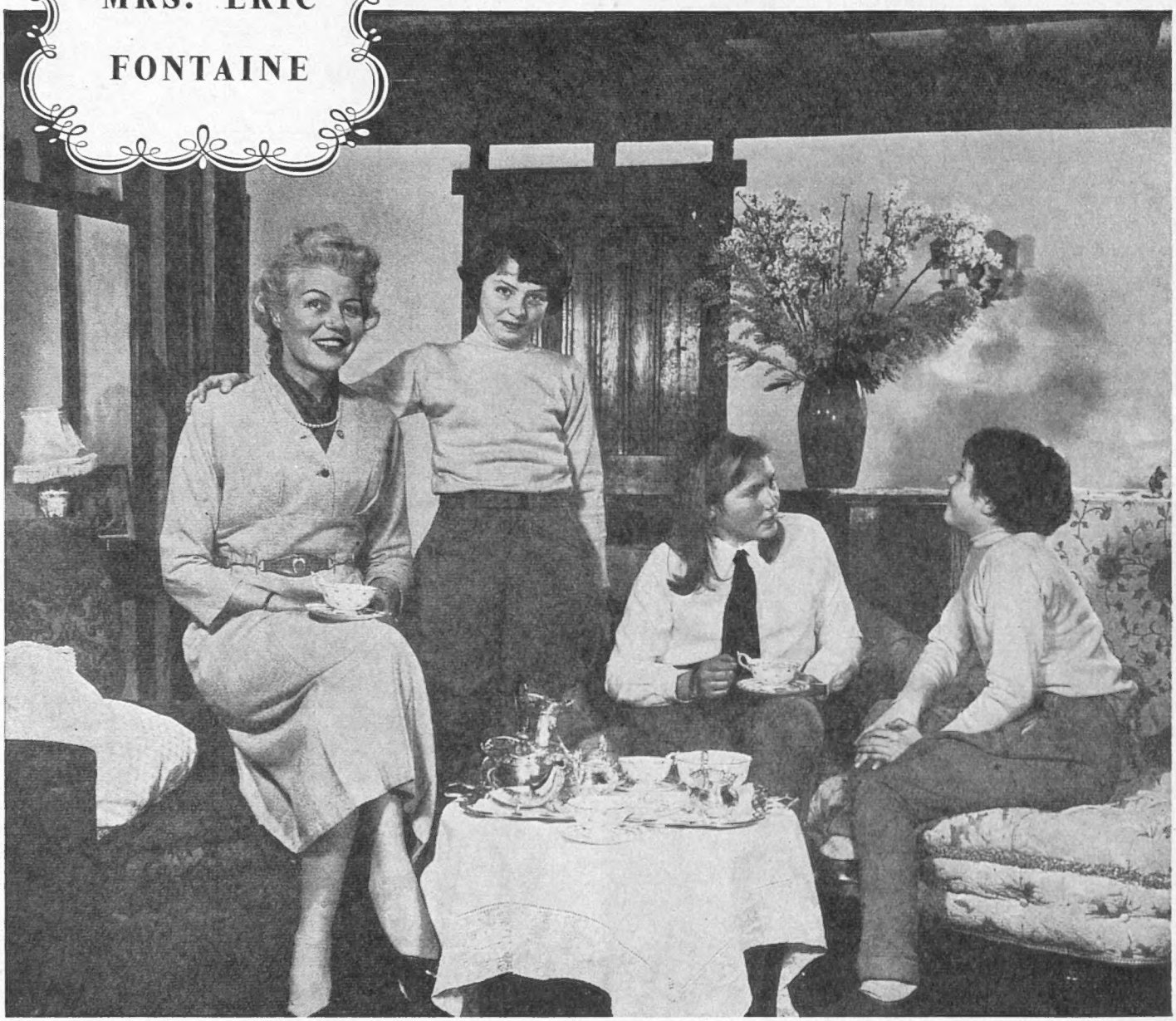
BARON TAKES TEA WITH MRS. ERIC FONTAINE

Photographer Baron chose the drawing-room for this charming study of Mrs. Eric Fontaine and her three daughters: twelve-year-old Patricia and the ten-year-old twins, Victoria and Miranda. Mrs. Fontaine is the wife of Major Eric Fontaine, and the daughter of the late Sir Alwin Dickinson, K.C.M.G. and Lady Dickinson. Until recently the Fontaines have been living at Torremolinos in Spain, but they have now made their home at Old Surrenden Manor, near Ashford, Kent. The Manor, said to date before the Conquest, is one of the loveliest and oldest residences of its kind in England.



MRS. FONTAINE: Here we are, Mr. Baron—Patricia, the twins and myself. Have a cup of tea and tell us what we are to do. Are the jodhpurs in order?

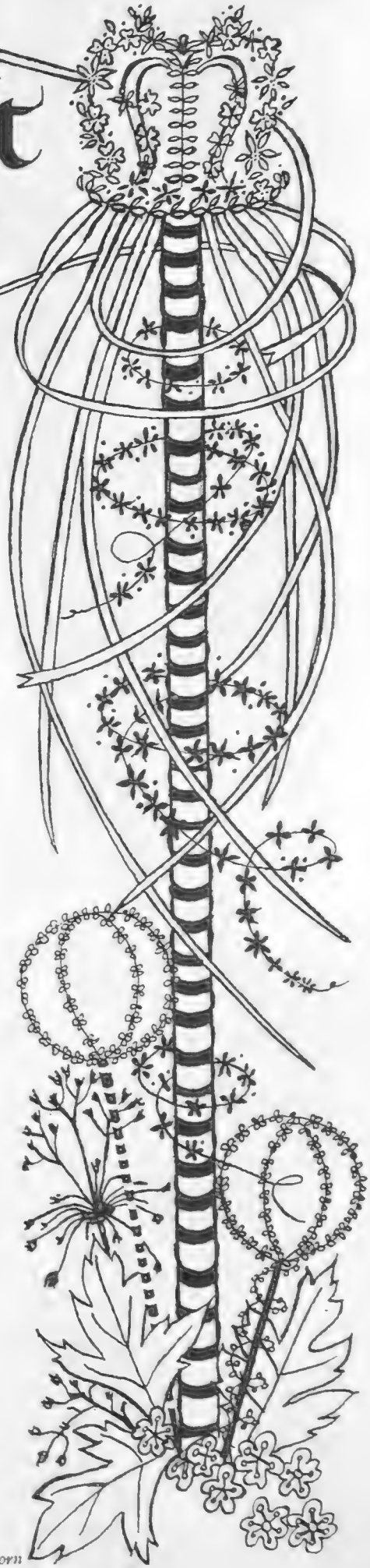
BARON: *Absolutely perfect. The riding kit is just what I want . . . I had in mind an informal group with plenty of atmosphere. After all, the Manor is really quite unique, isn't it?*

MRS. FONTAINE: Indeed, it is. Built before the Conquest, you know . . . it's practically a Domesday Book in itself. You *will* have a cup of tea?

BARON: *Thank you, yes . . . and from that lovely tea service! I've been admiring it . . . not quite so time-honoured as the Manor, perhaps . . . but quite superb. Queen Anne isn't it? And your own special blend of tea, too, I'd risk a bet.*

MRS. FONTAINE: Well, I'll let you in on our secret. The service *is* Queene Anne, and we *do* think our tea is pretty good. But I don't have it made up specially. In fact, it's Brooke Bond 'Choicest'. I simply order it from the grocer at Bethersden with everything else. Always fresh that way, and much the easiest. Weak or strong?

We have brought summer home



"I shall be greeting the Mayday sun
and the merry month
with joy, but *please* don't wake me early"—

—*says* WINIFRED STIVENS

THE EDITOR REGRETS . . .

- *Because of the dispute in the printing industry, and the consequent difficulties confronting magazines involved, it has been decided to merge the April issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *with the May issue.*
- *This has necessitated the omission of certain features, some of which were promised in the March issue—particularly the* BRITANNIA AND EVE *Vogue Pattern Service.*
- *It is hoped that the June issue will be out on time—with all its features restored.*

I SHALL not be leaving my bed before 7.30 a.m. on Tuesday, the first of May, because I'm not to be Queen of the May, and no one has invited me to go "gathering nuts in May"—or "knots of may"* which is the same thing : I have not been asked to a Maypole dance, nor am I nimble enough for the old-style May games—even if there were any. . . .

I am just as anxious to "fetch summer home" as you are, or as the Romans were, or the Druids, or the Tudors, or the merry-makers of Restoration England. But I'm still in the grip of December-mindedness, my *joie de vivre* is chilled, and so I won't be letting my hair down even if "summer is icumen in."

In the days of Henry VIII, I'd have been tripping through the woods to Shooter's Hill on May morning to see my king and his young Catherine dancing to fiddles round the flower-decked maypole, feasting in a way that would have made our Christmas dinner look like a snack, judging the archery competition, and ending the day with crackling great bonfires.

In the gay Restoration days of 1661, I'd have been cheering on the Duke of York, Charles II's brother, and the twelve brawny sailors who took four hours to erect a 134-ft. maypole in the Strand. All the same, I wonder what the Lord Mayor and corporation of today would have to say about milkmaids in crisp white linens and brilliant flowing ribbons, with coronets of flowers in their hair and garlands on their pails, kicking up their heels and knocking at the doors of this ancient and august thoroughfare?

And as for stately Mayfair! It is refreshing to learn that those exclusive dwellers round Shepherd's Market, London, W.1, who live on the site of the old May Fairs with (*Continued on page* 60)

* = *hawthorn*

Fair

Substitute

There was the May Queen seated in the wagon, in a swirl of white lace. And she'd put on weight: it was Nan Jones!

The villagers were annoyed . . . the vicar had chosen an outsider for a May Queen—but her mother had other ideas!

by URSULA BLOOM

"If you're waking, call me early,
Call me early, Mother dear!"

THE vicarage was over-capacious. The big, leisurely rooms which were admirable with innumerable servants and a more elastic stipend, had outlived their usefulness. The new vicar was a bachelor of forty. He had wearied of a congested parish in Bethnal Green, and had come here ten months ago, longing for the calm beauty of big trees and buttercup pastures.

He had cherished the absurd idea that in rural districts people are more willing to work for one. He was wrong. He believed money went farther in the country, and that also was a mistake. He had taken in pupils, but when they had to help with the chores they faded. He had tried P.G.s, who had gone the same way. He had tried his Aunt Victoria from Bath, and she had said he was a fool, had departed by the first train in the morning, and—worse still—had cut him out of her will.

Brian Stein struggled on with valour, but it was disappointing.

It was in March that he thought of a Tudor celebration to bring the parish together. His was the traditional mind. He visited the Jolly Carter, when old Josiah told him, "There used to be a maypole on that thar' bit o' green."

"We'll put it up again," said Brian.

"In them days we used to have a bit of the May music, and them thar' revels, procession and all," said Josiah.

When Brian revealed his plans they were taken with the idea. Before he had gone into the matter properly, and had worked it out, Brian had committed himself on impulse. It went with a fling! He arranged the Morris dancers from an adjacent village. He fixed up with a Jack i' th' Green, and maidens to group in the May Queen's wagon, but what he had failed to realize was that on a May Day one chooses only one May Queen, which in any strong-minded parish may be liable to misinterpretation.

The village had several nice plain girls. Girls with spots, bulky ones like Nan Jones, maypole-looking ones like Hilda Jenkins who couldn't stop growing. The only hope lay in Phyllidia Haines, fifteen and dazzlingly pretty, but a newcomer.

"Her's a stranger!" said Josiah contemptuously.

The vicar did not like Phyllidia Haines, who intended to be a model, or a film star, and thought she was a bit like Diana Dors. It was something of a miracle that her mother, an amiable widow, had survived the ordeal of bringing up Phyllidia, whose jungle red nails had practically caused a riot at the school.

BUT the vicar had planned that the centre piece of the wagon should be a deliriously beautiful young girl, and Phyllidia *was* deliriously beautiful. He privately felt that she would probably end her teens in an approved school, but as far as the May Queen went, she was the prize piece. So he visited Mrs. Haines in her small cottage where money was plainly tight. Phyllidia was out.

Mrs. Haines said, "I'll talk to her, and I think she might like it. Mind you, she can be difficult; you know what these modern girls are!"

"Oh, I do, indeed I do," Brian agreed, and hoped she wouldn't be too bad. Mrs. Haines was a nice little *(Continued overleaf)*

"You couldn't go away — where would you go?" Brian demanded

woman, and he realized that Phyllidia was an immense worry to her.

That evening Phyllidia appeared at the vicarage, and said that she would be delighted to do it. Could she make a speech, and would there be a mike? She wore a turquoise suit which was far too tight in the parts that mattered, and she had an over-red mouth. The vicar informed her firmly what May-queening entailed. Lady Drake from the Manor House would crown her. She would make no speech, and there would be no mike, maybe the newspapers would be interested, and he was hoping for the newsreels. You never knew quite how far this sort of thing was going.

PRIVATELY he wasn't over happy. He was less happy when the Jolly Carter found out that Phyllidia was playing the central part. They had expected him to choose fat little Nan Jones, born in the parish. "It seems funny to be choosing a stranger," they said and shook reproachful heads.

Towards the end of April it was plain that the May Day was working up into something immense. Lady Drake, becoming more interested, had arranged for some girl pipers to make suitable music; reporters started buzzing about, and the news-reels were definitely interested. But it all meant a tremendous amount of work.

One afternoon Brian visited Mrs. Haines who was making the May Queen's dress, the usual office of the mother. She looked both tired and harassed, undoubtedly bringing up a modern girl wasn't amusing.

"Phyllidia is always getting silly ideas," she said wearily, "now she is running about with that most undesirable young Sykes, a hateful young man."

"Perhaps she is going through a bad stage," suggested Brian, "girls do, of course!"

Mrs. Haines folded her pretty arms on the top of the sewing machine. "The village wanted their May Queen to be little Nan Jones; she may be fat but I do believe she is a far nicer girl than my Phyllidia."

"She is going to be one of the maids of honour on the wagon in the procession," he told her.

"The village isn't pleased," said the May Queen's mother rather wretchedly.

He tried to console her, but it was not easy. There had been trouble in the town with Phyllidia; she and her boy friend had been turned out of the cinema. The May Queen's mother had not been told why, but she could make a pretty good guess. The girl had fallen in with all the wrong companions.

"There's a dance in the town the night before our show," said her mother, "I hope nothing happens."

Brian smiled. He sincerely hoped nothing happened. "You'll get her up," he said, "remember the old poem,

If you're waking, call me early,
Call me early, Mother dear?"

Three nights before the show, Mrs. Haines came up to the vicarage. She had kindly addressed a bunch of envelopes for Brian, and brought them into his barren little study, laying them on the rather shoddy desk. She stood looking at the threadbare mat, the simple pale oak cross on the wall behind him, and on the mantelshelf, the hideous marble clock with its tin plate attachment saying it was a parting gift from the grateful parishioners of St. Joseph's, Bethnal Green.

SHE said, "This place is too big for you. It needs a lot of tidying up."

"I know. I don't get much time, and can only afford Mrs. Bankes for two hours a day."

"She doesn't overwork, I gather. Why not let the first floor off as a flat, and keep the bottom one for yourself?"

The magnificent mental prowess of the May Queen's mother, set him gasping. "That's a miracle of an idea, of course, but it's a dream. It just wouldn't work." Then, "Could I make you some tea?"

"Let me make it for you."

He took her down the long stone passage which always smelt of mildew, to the sprawling kitchen. Instinctively she seemed to know where everything was, and she popped some scones into the oven. It was one of those Spring days with a chilly wind, and scones were most acceptable. She brought the tea on a tray to the study, and they sat there talking. (*Continued on page 73*)

"It's just an advertisement . . ." may be your reaction to television commercials, but have you tried looking through them to see how they tick?

Let's look through the commercials

by FREDDY BLOOM

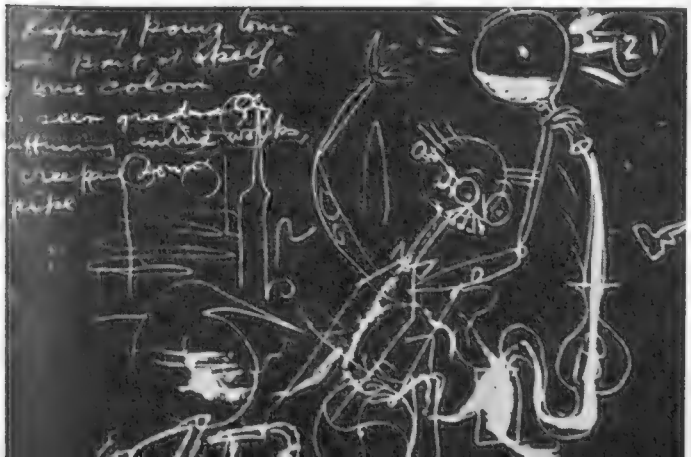
TODAY about two million people in Britain watch advertisements on television. In spite of all the fears voiced less than a year ago on this subject no one seems to be much worse for it. In fact, with no malice towards the B.B.C. or Channel 9, I find that some of the commercials are more entertaining than the actual programmes.

This is not really surprising for if a firm will pay £1,000 for sixty seconds on the air it will give a great deal of thought to what goes into those sixty seconds. Anyway there is far more interest in looking at their product if you know something of the story behind it.

Statistics are often boring but I think women like to know how much things cost. So here is an easy table which, with the help of Junior's stopwatch, will let you assess each advertisement. But don't forget the watch; you have no idea how deceptive time can be. These figures relate to the London weekday telecasts. London weekend advertising (A.T.V.) fees are somewhat higher and those in the Midlands somewhat lower.

	15 sec.	20 sec.	30 sec.	60 sec.	90 sec.	120 sec.
3-6 p.m. 7-7.25 p.m.	£146	£162	£227	£325	£487	£650
7.25-7.55 p.m. 10.05-10.35	£292	£325	£455	£650	£975	£1,300
7.55-10-05 p.m.	£438	£487	£682	£975	£1,462	£1,950

For the benefit of the advertisers who buy time on the commercials these three groups which were originally labelled "B," "A" and "AA" were recently changed to "A," "AA" and "AAA." On commercial there is no first, second and third time group—only that which is best, bester and bestest.



Another "commercial" is born. An Emett drawing destined to make you more aware of petrol

Rowland Emett, the famous humorous artist. He is shown here with his young daughter looking at a first drawing for a much-viewed commercial

Obviously this is no toy for the small business man. Apart from the high fees for the time itself the making of a sixty-second film costs between £500 and £2,000, bringing the total for one minute advertisement to an almost indecent figure and one naturally asks, "Is it worth it?"

Will an expenditure of £2,500 induce sales that bring in an extra £3,000? Or possibly, will the outlay be justified by added prestige?

EVERY manufacturer would like to be able to answer these questions with certainty. Some say they have already learned their lesson. Experience has taught them that their particular product did not do well in this particular medium in the manner in which it was presented.

Some may be resigned. I watch the recurring commercials for three well-known detergents regularly trying to outdo each other in originality and salesmanship and feel they are rather like the Red Queen who had to run so fast to stay where she was.

Others are gloating but it is difficult to assess the extent of their gloat because they won't talk. Naturally a manufacturer who is highly satisfied will not shout it from the housetops so that all competitors can hear . . . besides it might induce the programme contractors to raise their fees.

If you attempt to probe, the programme contractors themselves sound like discreet members of the Foreign Office. In fact there is an enormous amount of hush-hush, camouflaged with guarded statements about what is really going on behind the TV scenes.

My own feeling is that television as an advertising medium is so new in this country that nobody knows the answers yet but that business interests and personal (*Continued on page* 80)

A PALACE PREPARES

Next month the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh make their State visit to Sweden. And on the second floor of Stockholm Palace, a special suite is being redecorated

by ANNE GREY

THE State visit of our Queen and her Consort to Sweden's capital will forge another link between the two countries. It will also strengthen a different bond, that of blood : the Queen and the Swedish royal children are third cousins, and the Duke of Edinburgh is a nephew of the Queen of Sweden (she is the King's second wife, and a sister of Lord Mountbatten).

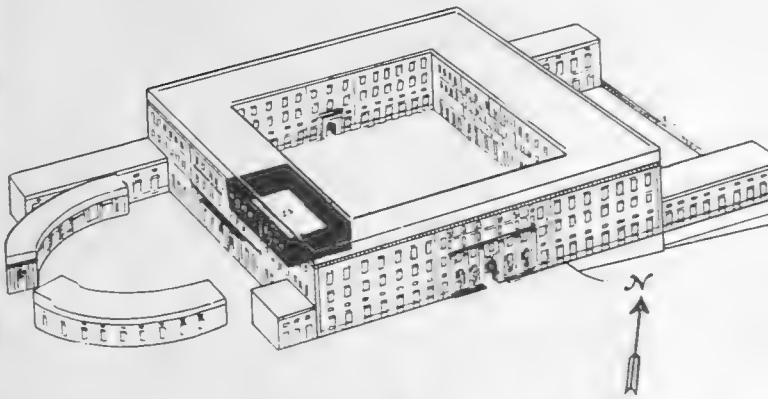
The Royal Palace—where the Queen and the Duke will stay for the two days of the visit—has been the home of the Swedish Royal Family since 1754, when they moved into it when it was only half-finished. It was built on the foundation of the Tre Kroner, a medieval fortress-palace destroyed by fire some fifty years earlier. "Tre Kroner" means "three crowns"; the smaller, more intimate royal coat of arms consists of three crowns mounted on an oval or circular shield.

As the Queen and the Duke sail along the waters of the Strömmen—an inlet of the Salsjön, a salt lake—they will gradually approach the eastern entrance of the Palace. Mounting the steps that descend to the water's edge, they will cross the Logården—the Palace gardens—to enter the Palace itself. The suite in which they will stay is on the far or west side, and

◀ The King and Queen of Sweden preside over the ball given by the Order of the Amarant. Seated in front are the Grand Master and Grand Mistress of this Order, and the Mistress of Ceremonies

The arrival of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the Royal Palace, Stockholm, will be in true romantic tradition: their first sight of the Palace will be, as shown here, across an expanse of gleaming water. As the barge draws nearer, they will see steps running from the front courtyard, below the majestic façade, to the water's edge. Here they will disembark, to be conducted through the Palace to their suite on the far, west, side—while the river traffic, white-sailed or steam-powered, passes back and forth in front of the high, wide windows

The black portion of this plan shows the suite now being prepared by Swedish decorators for the Queen and the Duke. It is on the second floor, and consists of seven main rooms, with smaller rooms allocated for staff. As well as Swedish pictures and furniture, some of the rooms are adorned with Brussels tapestries, one of which depicts scenes from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and paintings by well-known European artists. The royal suite looks towards the warm westerly sun, over an outer courtyard flanked by the royal guardhouses



FOR BRITAIN'S QUEEN

since the early nineteenth century it has been reserved for the use of visiting royalty only.

At present, an army of workmen throng the high-ceilinged rooms, cleaning, painting, repairing, polishing, so that the deep rich colours glowing from tapestries and paintings, the delicate Boucher panels in the bedroom, and the superb flamboyance of the French bronze chandelier in the Empire Drawing Room display to the fullest their distinctive charms.

THE main reception rooms look outwards from the Palace, over to the two horseshoe arms, detached from the main building, that are the residences of the Palace Guards; the smaller rooms of the suite look inwards over the central courtyard. Chief of the reception rooms are the Meleager Drawing Room—so-called because the wonderful Brussels tapestries, brought to these walls by a Danish Princess, show the story of fleet-footed Meleager—and the Empire Drawing Room. In this room, the note of kingly magnificence struck by the deep red carpet on which rests gilded furniture made for the earlier King of Sweden, Oscar I, is enhanced by a famous bronze and gilt clock that dominates the mantelpiece, and the previously mentioned bronze chandelier.

In contrast, the Boucher panels in the State bedroom have a special lightness and charm. Their tender freshness must surely allow a sweeter night's sleep than the stark, often tragic, subjects chosen from classical mythology by the tapestry-weavers!

And what of the royal hosts—the royal cousins? King Gustaf Adolf is a man of rare culture, art expert, scholar, gardener, antiquarian, and cameraman. (*Continued on page 73*)

The royal children are "good with their hands"; Princesses Christina (left) and Margaretha, and Crown Prince Carl Gustaf are making presents for friends—possibly for their British visitors ▶

The front door of Number 4 Maids of Honour Row, one of the famous terraces of houses on Richmond Green, Surrey

A FRONT

Step through the Georgian entrance of a house which—if you know Richmond Green, you must have admired—and enjoy the beauty which its owners have created there

The unique entrance hall of Number 4 was decorated in 1745 by Antonio Jolli, the eighteenth-century Italian scene painter

DOOR OPENS . . . .

Photographs by Harold White

IF you cross the village green at Richmond, Surrey, and face the rosy brick gateway to the Palace which the first Elizabeth loved above all others, you can half close your eyes and jump backwards a few centuries. Close your ears as well and you can shut out the roar of traffic pounding down the High Street, because though Richmond Green has the repose that age and history bestow it is still London town. It lies at the end of one of those straggling tentacles of the city like a small jewel—dimmed a little by the competitive glitter of neon lighting, but still a jewel.

Only the gateway remains of the Palace that Henry VII built, but beside it, peaceably dominating one side of the wide Green, are four houses of great architectural beauty known as Maids of Honour Row.

In 1724, the Prince of Wales, who later became George II, ordered the building of some houses "to serve as lodgings" for the Maids of Honour attending upon his Princess, Caroline of Anspach. The terrace, which rose at his command, is probably one of the most beautiful surviving examples of the Georgian architectural tradition.

AT Number Four, pictures of which the owners have allowed us to publish (they were first commissioned by *Antiques*), the inside is as lovely as the outside.

Many celebrated people have lived in Maids of Honour Row, but at Number Four John James Heidegger, who bought it in 1744, gave to his Richmond home an additional distinction. This is the painted decoration in the hall.

Heidegger, a Swiss, was manager of the Kings Theatre in the Haymarket where he staged many musical entertainments including operas by Handel.

It was always supposed that Heidegger used scene painters from the opera to carry out the lovely decorations in his hall, but Mr. Croft-Murray, the present owner, after much research goes further and ascribes the work to one man, Antonio Jolli (1700–77), a pupil of Pannini and a follower of Canaletto. When he was in London in 1740 Jolli is known to have done much scene painting for the opera and the character of the work at Number Four leaves little doubt that this is his.

The painted scenes in the hall are done in oil on the original pine panelling. There are eleven large landscapes, European and Chinese, in full glowing colour, and fourteen smaller compositions framed in baroque cartouches painted in grisaille on a brown ground.

The front door opens and you walk into this lovely symphony of colour in a hall which the Croft-Murrays have furnished in such a way that the murals make their fullest impact.

In furnishing the rest of the house the owners have kept mainly to the Georgian tradition. Their distinguished collection

(*Continued overleaf*)

A panel over one of the doors shows the music of an aria from an Italian opera first produced in London in 1745 ▶

AND THE THEME IS – I WISH I HAD

Who, with a love for eighteenth-century craftsmanship, would not envy a house with such a history or the joy of furnishing it with treasures like these

(*Continued from previous page*)

of furniture and pictures makes the house look much as it would have done when Heidegger was entertaining musical and theatrical circles there. It is hardly less peaceful today with the sweet Thames flowing softly past the back of the house and the long front windows scanning the peaceful Green.

EDWARD CROFT-MURRAY, who is Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, shares many artistic interests with his Italian wife and, between them, they have expressed their appreciation of their lovely house in their choice of furniture and decoration.

All who admire this gracious period of English design must envy them the task of collecting furniture to display against such an architectural background. The Croft-Murrays have done it with obvious joy and loving care.

All the rooms are lofty in the classic Georgian tradition, with long windows which give their own picture view of the green surroundings. Eighteenth-century architects had an agreeable preference for flooding their interiors with daylight and the house at Richmond is no exception.

On the ground floor the dining-room lies beyond the hall. The panelled walls of this charming room are painted a rosy russet colour which seems to pick up the deeper colour of the lustrous eighteenth-century table and chairs. Over the mantel hangs a painting of the Palace gateway, the original of which is just a few yards from the house.

There is a family sitting-room on the ground floor with a handsome eighteenth-century bookcase and Persian rugs to point the contrast with the light panelled walls and delicate colouring of delf-tiles surrounding the fireplace.

ON the way upstairs to the fine drawing-room a stair landing has a lofty alcove. This is entered between two marbled columns with Corinthian capitals. In the rear a window of elegant proportions with a full drop from cornice to floor floods this very imposing corner with

A ROOM LIKE THAT!

The family sitting-room on the ground floor is pine panelled and a collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century miniatures hang over the delf-tiled fireplace

The long drawing-room with its lofty windows surveying Richmond Green is dedicated to music and a fine varied collection of early instruments

light in the day. The drawn curtains are illuminated with floodlighting from within at night.

The drawing-room upstairs extends right across the house and has four long windows with views across the Green.

The Croft-Murrays have some fine pictures. There is a Zoffany in the drawing-room and two fine Bolognese architectural paintings over the two fireplaces which are at either end of this room.

Already on Richmond Green one feels far from the stresses of London and contemporary affairs, but if you enter the front door of Number Four Maids of Honour Row the tranquil past extends its gentle influence still further and becomes reality.

A Crown of Thorns

On the opposite page, and on the following two pages, a remarkable British artist, Sherborne, has depicted part of the Easter Drama . . . Here, a distinguished American writer throws a vivid sidelight on that story

by FRANK G. SLAUGHTER

JONAS heard the shouting as he was gathering wood on the hillside, but he didn't bother to look down into the valley where the road ran from Jericho to Jerusalem. Bands of zealots and the followers of local prophets were always pouring into the Holy City for the Passover season. For the most part they were noisy radicals who kept the city in a ferment and interfered with the work of honest men—men who paid the temple tribute when it was due and cheated the Roman tax collectors no more than was right.

Grumbling to himself, Jonas poked about the thorny burnet bushes for dry branches. Springtime was a bad season for gathering wood. The bushes were already putting out their leaves, and soon the entire hillside would be blanketed with the small red blossoms that looked like drops of blood. The lime burners demanded burnet wood because its flame was hotter than that of other woods; and the women liked it too, because small amounts gave a lot of fire for cooking. And so Jonas, the hunchbacked wood gatherer of Jerusalem, scrabbled about on the ground for the dried branches, grumbling to himself as he filled the panniers on the back of his patient old mule, Eleazar. It was already past noon and unless he finished his load and hurried into the city, he knew he would not be able to sell the wood before nightfall. And that meant storing it in the hovel inside the wall where he and Eleazar lived, for the thieves who thronged the city at the holiday season would steal anything.

The shouting was louder now and, looking down into the valley, Jonas could see a great crowd of people jamming the road from Jericho. Those at the front were foraging along the roadside, cutting palm leaves and dropping them in the road before one who seemed to be the leader.

Jonas grinned mirthlessly. He was a small gnome of a man whose giant hump made him look constantly at the ground. Once his back had been straight, but that was a long time ago, when he was a child. For a whole year he had lain on a pallet in the hut where his family lived. And when he walked again the hump had been there. It still hurt him sometimes, when the weather was damp and cold or when he had to bend over, as he did now. So Jonas was hardly to be blamed if his temper was short and he spoke but rarely.

No one cared about a hunchback, except to cheat him when he sold his wood; no one, that is, except the beggars among whom he lived in a corner of the wall—the lame, the halt and the leprous, whose ill fortune made them brothers. And since he did not speak often, who could know the fierce pride that burned within the warped body of Jonas, the hunchback, a pride that sent him to the hills daily to gather wood and sell it, instead of begging alms in the streets.

ESPECIALLY did it seem foolish not to beg at Passover time, for then rich Jews were in Jerusalem. They came from the far-off cities governed by Rome to make their sacrifices in the temple—and to be cheated by merchants, innkeepers, and moneychangers.

His basket finally loaded with dry wood, Jonas led Eleazar slowly down the hillside. But when he approached the road he saw that the group who had been dropping palm leaves in the way still jammed it for more than a mile. Grumbling, Jonas sat down on a rock, and with the best patience he could muster waited for them to pass.

He would be lucky if he even got into the city with his load by sunset, he thought dourly. And that would mean all of tomorrow (*Continued on page 76*)

Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new selpulchre... The first day cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre and seeth the stone taken away.

Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him." Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre. So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre. And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed. For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

continued overleaf

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping . . . and she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him."

Jesus saith unto her, "Mary." She turned herself, and saith unto him, "Master." Jesus saith unto her... Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God..."

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things. Then the same day at evening when the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst . . . But Thomas, one of the twelve, was not with them.

The other disciples therefore said unto him, "We have seen the Lord." But he said unto them . . . "I will not believe."

And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them; then came Jesus . . . Then saith he to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands . . . and be not faithless, but believing."

And Thomas answered and said unto him, "My Lord and my God." Jesus saith unto him, "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

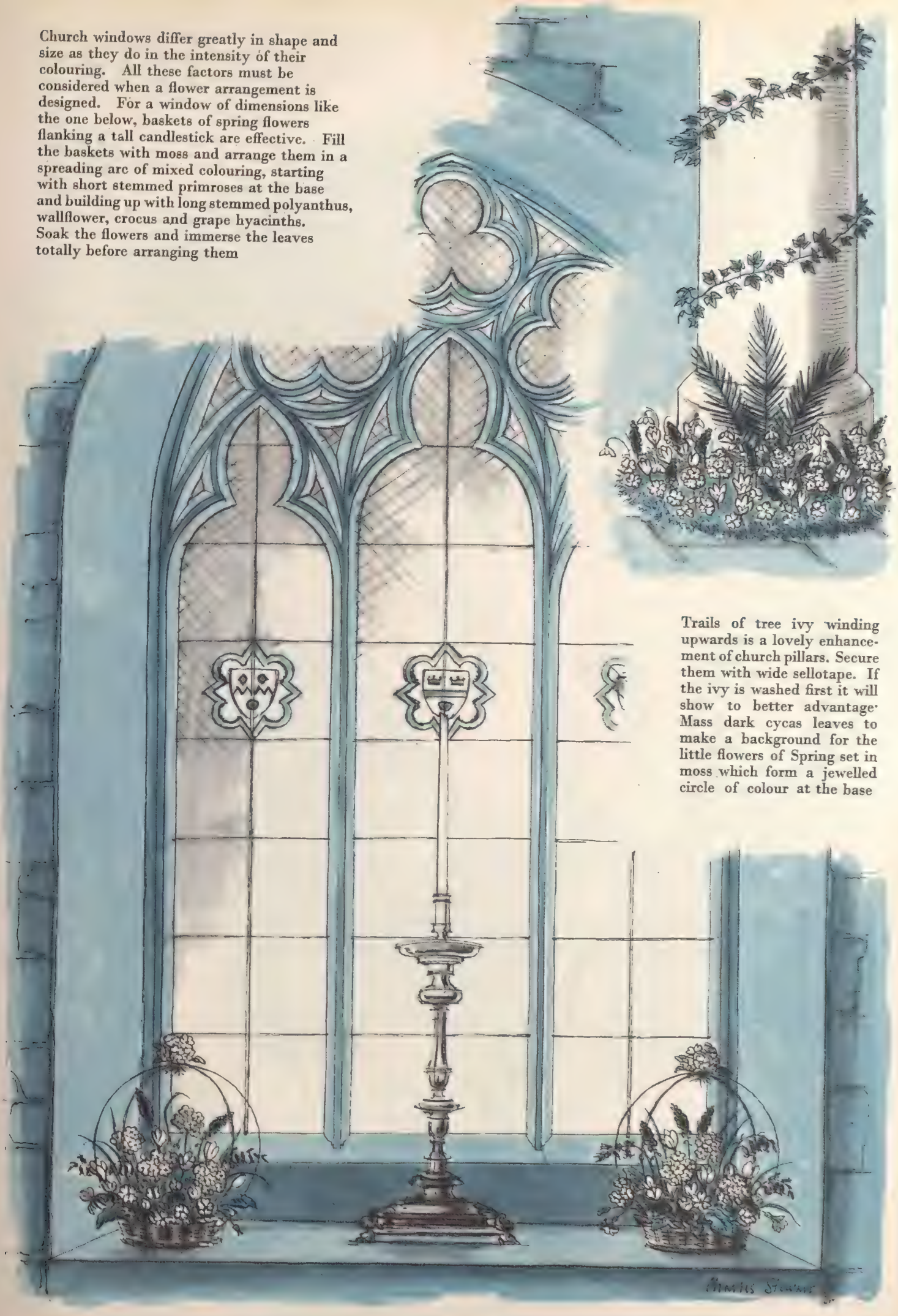
a BENISON of FLOWERS

After Lent, Easter comes like a promise of life. We celebrate this with flower decorations in church

A lofty narrow window will take a tall vase filled with willow, daffodils, carnations, the taller polyanthus and narcissus. A surrounding circle of moss, well damped, can be filled with crocus, grape hyacinths, primroses and forget-me-nots and the heads of blue cinerarias. Give the little flowers a long soaking first and they will last well

Flowers for the altar should be subservient and never dominating. Altar arrangements should lead the eye to the cross. The round shapes and the purity of white lilies and carnations show up through the whole length of the church. A frame of large green leaves at the back enhances this effect. The tall necked vases which are traditional in churches are not easy to handle, so arrange the flowers in the hand, then tie the stems tightly. Lily stems can be bent to a desired curve with gentle pressure of the hands

Church windows differ greatly in shape and size as they do in the intensity of their colouring. All these factors must be considered when a flower arrangement is designed. For a window of dimensions like the one below, baskets of spring flowers flanking a tall candlestick are effective. Fill the baskets with moss and arrange them in a spreading arc of mixed colouring, starting with short stemmed primroses at the base and building up with long stemmed polyanthus, wallflower, crocus and grape hyacinths. Soak the flowers and immerse the leaves totally before arranging them



Trails of tree ivy winding upwards is a lovely enhancement of church pillars. Secure them with wide sellotape. If the ivy is washed first it will show to better advantage. Mass dark cycas leaves to make a background for the little flowers of Spring set in moss which form a jewelled circle of colour at the base

Basic Ideas

For cocktail clothes, a strapless brassiere, *above*, in flower-printed nylon, has a perfect, firm fit; it is made to measure at Corsetiere Illa Knina's salon, 30, Bruton Street, London, W.1., and costs £8 8s; matching nylon girdle £16 16s. Below is Twilfit's large-size girdle, designed for the full-hip; the lace insets give full freedom. Tearose only, £3 1s. from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street; Bainbridge & Co., Newcastle

English Rose show this excellent strapless bra, *right*, in nylon satin with embroidered panels, that gives long-stemmed support. White or black, £1 7s. 6d. from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham. With it we show Silhouette's girdle in nylon power net, that has special thigh and tummy control. In white, £4 15s. 6d. from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street; Matthias Robinson, Leeds

One wrinkle at the waist, one bulge at the midriff, will completely destroy the effect of that slinky little number - the plumper woman cannot do better than pick an all-in-one foundation for a smooth, unbroken line. Silhouette's corselette, *above*, in nylon satin is lightly boned in front, and has a zip side fastening. Sides and back are in spotted elastic batiste, and the special Silhouette suspenders can easily be altered to your particular leg length. White only, £4 4s. from Derry & Toms, Kensington High Street; Bon Marche, Liverpool

. . . ideas to help tailor surplus inches into a shapely silhouette

Illustrations

by

Primrose

The tailored look is as dependant on your foundation as on the cut of your suit, so, again, we suggest a corselette. Warners' speciality is the "problem" figure - with large bust or hips, or less than average measurements from underarm-to-waist for whom is designed their half-size corselettes, in many fittings. This model, *right*, is made of nylon taffeta, with nylon bust cups, and rubber-padded shoulder straps. In black or white, £8 8s. from John Lewis, Oxford Street; Cole Brothers, Sheffield

Sweaters and skirts, or cardigan suits, place less emphasis on the waist than on a firm bustline and trim hips. J. B. Foundations have the answer here with their deep-fitting brassiere, *above*, in nylon with a dual-stretch inset in the front for ease and comfort combined with support; their long-waisted girdle takes care of the "spare tyre." The bra comes in three sizes, deep version (shown above), medium, and short, and both bra and girdle are in J. B.'s new colour. Princess Pink. Brassiere £1 1s 9d. girdle £3 12s. 9d. both from Pontings, Kensington High Street; Pauldens, Manchester.

spring alternatives . . .

There are almost as many fair-fat-and-twenties as there are plump forties - for them Cherry have designed this swinging summer coat, *far left*, in resida, gold, navy and black in a heavy rayon "shot" mixture. About £13 13s. from Fifth Avenue, Regent Street; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham; or (for over 40 in. hips) write to Cherry Ltd., 22, Eastcastle Street, London, W.1. Pearl, by Goydor, *left*, is a cool, delicious print on pure silk; its flattering princess line is interrupted only by three discreet buttons and the sort of dramatic, eye-catching bow that only the fairly substantial can wear. In green, rust, gold, or deep blue, £9 9s. (44-46 in. hips), £9 19s. 6d. (48 in. hips) from Dickens & Jones, Regent Street; Kendal Milne, Manchester.

for the STOCK SIZE PLUS

Illustrations by Primrose

The straight, up-and-down lines of the suits we show here, with their absence of fussy detail, lend a deceptive slimness to the bulkiest figure. On this theme, Crayson's worsted three-piece, *far left*, has vertical side slit pockets in the boxy jacket; this opens to show a flash of white waistcoat. In light, clerical, or dark grey, all with waistcoat, £18 18s. 6d. (36 to 42 ins. hips), £22 1s. (44 to 46 ins. hips) from Selfridges, Oxford Street; Rita, Lincoln. The double-breasted Alexon suit, *left*, in off-white tweed has the expensive look bestowed by pale, impractical-seeming colours; its narrow skirt has a hidden pleat at the back. £10 10s. from Harvey Nichol's Little Shop, Knightsbridge; Elliston & Cavell, Oxford

Lullaby for

One

Ted would sleep relaxed and happy as a child, unconscious of her increasing, irritable tension

The sounds were driving her insane . . . rhythmic, inescapable, rising and falling in a never-changing pattern . . . but which was the greater evil—the nightly torment or the only effective cure?

by HELEN DAVIS SZOLD

Illustration by Showell

IS it possible to love your husband and still want to tear his heart out or carve your initials on him? Yes, Liz decided, as the snores went on and on and on, it is.

She turned another page of her book and tried to concentrate on the incredible doings of a young married couple named DeWitt. She wondered if Mr. DeWitt snored. They never told you things like that in books. Please, Ted, couldn't you stop for a few minutes? Just a few minutes . . . some day, you're going to strangle on one of those horrible noises . . . or swallow your tongue . . . or split yourself in two. . . .

She glared at his long, relaxed body on the couch. "Go on. I dare you, I dare you. You can't *do* another one like that last one, nobody could without bursting into a million pieces. What I don't understand is why you never wake *yourself* up with that racket? A-a-a-h . . . bless my soul . . . so you finally reached the top, did you? *Allegro, crescendo, fortissimo, molto mucho fortissimo.* And now you'll wait a second and then start all over again, won't you? I can't stand it. I—just—can't—stand—it."

She took a shaky breath and ran distracted fingers through her soft, dark hair. Her nerves were strung as tight as guitar strings, and she knew she would have to wake him or go to bed. Neither was really a solution.

If she left him, his feelings would be hurt, since his only reason for being on the couch was an amiable desire to keep her company. And, besides, he would stay there all night and wake up stiff and sore in the morning without even having undressed. And if she took him to bed, in a short time she'd be listening to the same mighty roars and incredible strangling noises again—because she never fell asleep before he did.

Ted had told her many times to wake him immediately if he snored (*if* he snored!) but she just couldn't make herself do it. At least not more than once or twice. It seemed so cruel. Just because she happened to be a little psychopathic on the subject there was no reason to keep disturbing his rest. He worked hard and he needed it. Besides, at best, it provided only a temporary respite, because one quivering part of her spent the whole short intermission waiting tensely for the concert to begin again.

MR. DEWITT was still where she had left him—trying to paint the bathroom with a toothbrush—and Liz closed the book with a sigh. She cleared her throat noisily. Nothing happened. She coughed. She faked a sneeze. She dropped the book on the floor. The maddening snores went on. Should she wake him? No, she might not be able to read, but she could hang on for a little while yet.

So she began to talk to him in a soft, (*Continued on page 82*)

What a Pet!

Toucans and tortoises, budgerigars and glamorous cousins of the crow are taming their owners in the homes of English pet lovers

by LUCIEN LOWEN

who also did the drawings

WHOEVER it was who said that people can be judged by their pets could never have been in a modern pet shop. How do you assess the person who makes a small crocodile his cheer and solace? Or delineate the character of the thousands who take such strange little creatures as the chameleon or the edible frog to their hearts and homes?

Is it to introduce a salutary element of primitive nature into our tame, urbanized way of life that we adopt creatures of the wild? Perhaps. And yet pet worship has never been restricted to civilized man.

The explorer Appun, for one, reported from Guiana that the Indian porters refused to carry his equipment into the interior without their pets, a tame jaguar, several ant-eaters, parrots and monkeys.

According to Genesis, animals were created the day before man. Does this make them our elder brothers? Anyway, every little boy who carries a white mouse in his pocket, or any little girl fussing over her "budgie" re-establishes the idea of Eden.

In a London pet shop I saw white mice at two shillings, golden hamsters at seven and sixpence, a lizard for a guinea and a handsome large-beaked toucan for forty guineas. It was a modest price, I thought, compared with the thousand pound price-tag on a goldfinch canary hybrid I had seen at the Cage Bird Show recently.

Would you like a red agoutis from Brazil for your own? Maybe not. Well then, what about an elegant little rodent, or a bush baby—a nocturnal monkey who will screech at you like a fractious baby?

There are tropical birds for the asking with colourful headgear to challenge the ingenuity of the most fanciful milliner; lethargic old parrots; vivacious little Java sparrows, hopping gaily; gorgeous birds of paradise who, for all their airs, are glamorous relatives of the crow; red cardinals and dozens more of the living jewels of the jungle.

EVEN so, the heart-throb of the pet lovers is the tiny Australian parrot, the budgerigar whose name is a corrupted form of an Aboriginal name meaning "pretty bird." The budgie well deserves his name. Originally light green, he has, with scientific breeding, bloomed into powder blue, lavender, apple greens, mauves and yellows, a tiny jewelled chatterbox.

But from the microscopic amoeba to the mighty whale every animal that evokes interest and delight renews our awe in the miracle of creation.

◀ Some characters that artist Lowen found in the pet shop. Reading from the top, an Australian cockatoo, a white mouse, a Barbary ape, a rabbit and a green lizard

On the right a sky-blue budgerigar, challenging a red cardinal with his plumage, an edible frog and a fennel fox flashing a handsome tail at a Brazilian tortoise and a golden hamster ▶

Lowen

Photograph
by Gordon Stannus

Pinchbeck jewellery was all the vogue in earlier days: this is readily understood when we study its fine, detailed workmanship, exquisite settings, and the rich colour of the stones and pastes with which it is encrusted. The necklace and ear-rings in this picture are set with chrysoprase; they were made by Christopher Pinchbeck (senior) in or about the year 1710. The tiara and bracelet are of a much later date, being made about 1820 and 1825-30 respectively. They probably originate from the firm to whom Christopher (junior) entrusted the family formula for making pinchbeck

A sovereign purse, made by Edward Pinchbeck about 1760, is panelled with delicate mosaic work. It opens with a chain drawstring at the back

Pinchbeck jewellery has a new popularity today. Here, we present the story of its inventor

Pinchbeck's Secret

by GORDON STANNUS

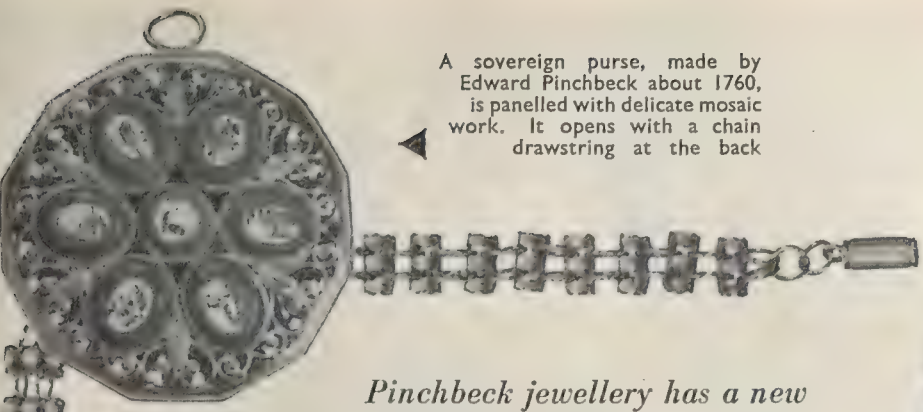
IMITATION jewellery has always been held in some disapprobation but, paradoxically, Christopher Pinchbeck, one of the most esteemed jewellers of his time, built his reputation on the sham ornament by inventing an alloy of copper and zinc so nearly resembling gold that today much of it has to be tested with acids before it can be detected. Scraping has no effect on it, as it has on gilding or rolled gold. Apart from this asset, the workmanship is often so exquisite as to put modern sham jewellery to shame.

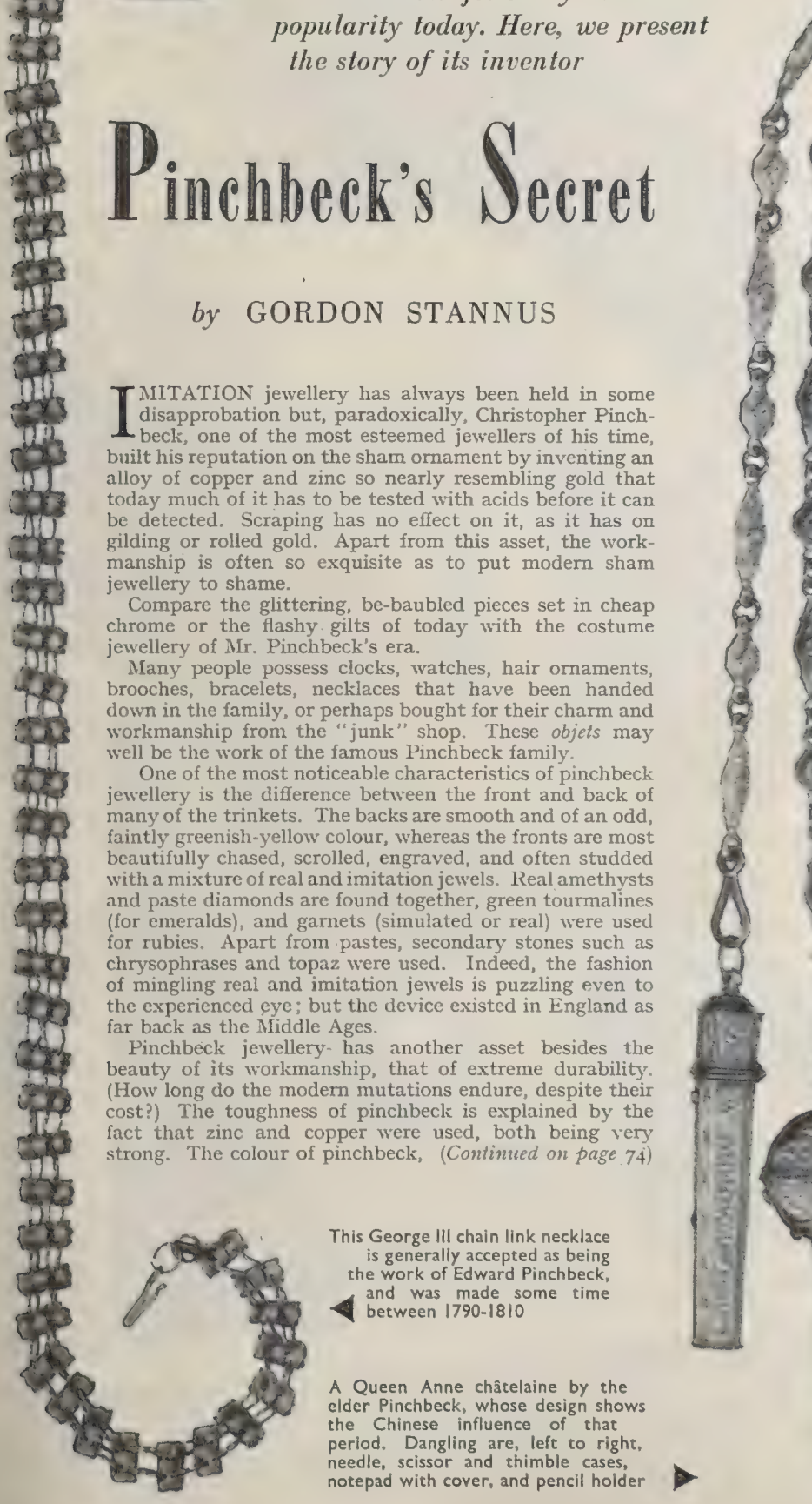
Compare the glittering, be-baubled pieces set in cheap chrome or the flashy gilts of today with the costume jewellery of Mr. Pinchbeck's era.

Many people possess clocks, watches, hair ornaments, brooches, bracelets, necklaces that have been handed down in the family, or perhaps bought for their charm and workmanship from the "junk" shop. These *objets* may well be the work of the famous Pinchbeck family.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of pinchbeck jewellery is the difference between the front and back of many of the trinkets. The backs are smooth and of an odd, faintly greenish-yellow colour, whereas the fronts are most beautifully chased, scrolled, engraved, and often studded with a mixture of real and imitation jewels. Real amethysts and paste diamonds are found together, green tourmalines (for emeralds), and garnets (simulated or real) were used for rubies. Apart from pastes, secondary stones such as chrysophrases and topaz were used. Indeed, the fashion of mingling real and imitation jewels is puzzling even to the experienced eye; but the device existed in England as far back as the Middle Ages.

Pinchbeck jewellery has another asset besides the beauty of its workmanship, that of extreme durability. (How long do the modern mutations endure, despite their cost?) The toughness of pinchbeck is explained by the fact that zinc and copper were used, both being very strong. The colour of pinchbeck, (*Continued on page 74*)





This George III chain link necklace is generally accepted as being the work of Edward Pinchbeck, and was made some time between 1790-1810

A Queen Anne châtelaine by the elder Pinchbeck, whose design shows the Chinese influence of that period. Dangling are, left to right, needle, scissor and thimble cases, notepad with cover, and pencil holder

On no account must Ovideo be found . . . Cesaro unceremoniously popped the struggling animal into the drawer, and closed it—all except a crack

FALSE scent

It all started as a joke . . . but a cat, an old painting and some perfume combined to outwit Cesaro

by FRANK HEADLAND

DOMENICO regarded his old friend with some disfavour. "A pretty dance you have led me tonight," he grumbled. "I have spent a full half hour looking for you, only to find you sitting placidly by the stove, having slipped in by some devil's trick while my back was turned."

Ovideo glanced up apologetically from his saucer. A drop of milk dribbled from his absurd great nose down to his chin. He retrieved it by a dexterous flick of his tongue, sneezed, and resumed his contented lapping.

"You make enough noise over your unholy revels," his master continued. "Yet, if it suits you, you can be as silent as Cesaro Marengo when it comes to his turn to pay. What am I going to do about you?"

He considered the problem while Ovideo stretched himself full length beside the stove, blinking lazily as little tingles of heat chased the stiffness from his old bones. The crackle of the logs was joined by a chesty purr like the far off rumble of Etna's hidden fires. Darkness had laid a chill hand on the fennel field. That night Ovideo was content to enjoy such pleasures as his dreams could bring. His purr rattled slowly into silence, and he slept.

He would hardly have been so complacent if he had known what his master was planning. The next morning Domenico called on Ricci the cobbler and obtained from him a small brass bell of the kind which he used to decorate the gaily-coloured harness for which he was famous. To Ovideo's mortification, the jingling object was tied round his neck with an effeminate blue ribbon.

Such an affectation had, in his view, nothing whatever to recommend it. He considered with apprehension the deafening noise that must attend all his future attempts to indulge in the scratching so necessary to his comfort. The feeling of constraint round his throat was depressing to a free spirit. Worst thing of all, he could no longer manoeuvre against his enemy Hannibal without advertising his presence from a distance of many feet.

He tried to get rid of the bell, but the ribbon was tied at the back of his neck, and the years had widened the distance between this spot and the effective field of operation of his formidable hind leg. In desperation he sought the aid of a friendly bush against whose branches he had frequently rubbed his neck out of pure affection, but the only thing he managed to do was to hang himself. Domenico earned his gratitude by cutting him down, and lost it the very next minute by retying the ribbon in a double bow.

The harassed animal made a few more desultory attempts to free himself, but a cat does not reach the age of eleven without becoming either a fool or a philosopher. Ovideo was blessed with more than his share of the power to rise above trying circumstances. Within a week he had accepted his lot, and even took a melancholy pleasure in his new-found ability to arouse consternation in beasts of weaker fibre from a distance.

His master was well-pleased with his invention, for he could no longer remain ignorant of his old friend's whereabouts as long as he was within reasonable earshot. Moreover, Domenico's gossips thought the arrangement a neighbourly one, since they were now given time to close their doors against the approach of a beast for whose continued existence few could discover an adequate reason. Only one of them, Cesaro Marengo, sought to turn the tide of events to his unscrupulous ends. For Cesaro wished to get inside Domenico's cottage for a few minutes, alone and unobserved, and thought he now saw his way clear.

Waiting until an evening when the familiar jingle approached his door, he lured Ovideo inside with false words and savoury offerings, took off his bell, and locked him in a bedroom. Then he called his small son Enrico and explained to him that it would be amusing to play a joke on Domenico when he called his cat that night, giving him the bell with the remark that any normal youth would know what to do with it. Enrico needed no more prompting than the memory of Domenico's stick on his breeches after a raid on the old man's cherry tree. Aided by the darkness, the height of the bushes, and his own diminutive stature, he led his victim a worse dance than Ovideo had ever done, luring him far away from the cottage.

AS soon as Cesaro thought it safe, he slipped inside. There was little in the place to attract an intruder, one would have thought, but theft in the ordinary sense was far from Cesaro's mind. He made his way straight to the only picture on the wall, and examined it closely.

The frame was quite familiar to him. It had hung there for years, but until quite recently had held nothing more exciting than a cheap lithograph of a dog enduring some well-nourished children. Domenico had bought it at a sale many years before, because it was just the right size to cover a hole in the wall. He had lived with his purchase in a spirit of tolerance until the children began to pall on him. Then he remembered that he had an old canvas in his attic, and found that it fitted the frame with a minimum of trimming. It was a colourful depiction in oils of a Venetian scene.

Cesaro had seen it a few days earlier, and had been careful to conceal his excitement. He knew a little about such things, and the name of Canaletto leapt to his mind immediately. Now, as he looked at the picture again, he saw that he had not been mistaken; the letters too could be seen faintly in the bottom right-hand corner. Trembling with eagerness he cleaned some of the dirt away with a moistened finger, and now the letters were plainly visible. But to (*Continued overleaf*)

Illustrations by Brookshaw

Cesaro examined the picture closely. Trembling with eagerness, he cleaned some of the dirt away with his finger

linger any longer would be fatal. He hastily rubbed a little dirt on the moist patch, and slipped out of the cottage.

When he regained his own roof he found Ovideo giving way to temperament. After a futile ten minutes of chasing him round the furniture he managed to catch him, but at that very moment he heard somebody at the door talking to his wife. It was Domenico, still in search of his cat. On no account must he find him. There was a large tallboy in the corner of the room. Without more ado Cesaro pulled out a drawer, popped the kicking animal inside, and closed it all except a crack. This done, he went to the door and greeted Domenico with a Judas smile.

INSIDE the deep drawer Ovideo took stock of the situation, aided by his keen sight and the little light percolating through the gap left by his humane jailer. His surroundings lacked nothing in comfort, for he was sitting on silken garments of a type unknown to his master's celibate establishment. He trod tentatively up and down, digging his sharp pins into the yielding softness, a sensation which brought a rusty purr of pleasure to his throat.

In the further pursuit of this voluptuous exercise he knocked over a bottle. The stopper came out, and a powerfully smelling liquid began to trickle round his feet. He sniffed appreciatively at something which recalled the aromatic delights of Philomella Aspettanta's herb garden. Finally he curled himself up to sleep, reflecting how very true it was that one half of the world had no idea how the other half lived. But he had hardly settled down when his persecutor came back, re-tied the bell round his neck, and thrust him unceremoniously into the night. If Cesaro failed to notice anything unusual about the cat it was because he was smoking his favourite blend of black tobacco and coltsfoot, a mixture proof against more subtle competition.

Ovideo hastened back to his own cottage, reaching it just as his master was locking up. The exasperated Domenico made to cuff him, but stayed his hand in mid-air when he became aware of something unusual. Over a period of years his cat had at one time or another savoured of most of the homelier smells of the country, but never before had he come in reeking of cheap scent. Only one woman in Moltefiore used the stuff.

"Now, what have you been doing in Cesaro's place?" Domenico asked. Ovideo simpered, as if bashful about his untoward fragrance. His master examined him closely, and noticed something else. The blue ribbon was knotted in a bow which he had certainly not tied himself.

"WHAT in the fiend's name is going on here?" he mused. "Admittedly the cat is more clever than most, but while he may have undone this thing I refuse to believe he has tied it up again. Moreover, why does he come in smelling like a barber's shop? Cesaro knows something about this, it looks as if Ovideo was in his place all the time I was calling him. Yes, but I heard the bell plainly. Of course, it has been taken off! It was not the cat leading me that dance. Cesaro appears to be trying to make a monkey out of me. But why?"

It was then that Domenico's eye lighted on a trail of muddy footprints leading across the room to where the picture hung. He examined it closely. Cesaro had not made a very good job of disguising his attentions to the signature in the corner.

"The impudent scoundrel!" Domenico muttered. "Is it not clear? Why should he be so interested unless he thinks he is on a good thing? If he doesn't come round tomorrow afternoon wanting to buy it, I'll eat the picture frame and all."

He was under no necessity to attempt anything so painful. Cesaro arrived before mid-day, ostensibly to return a hoe. It was not long before the subject of the picture came up.

"It is silly of me, I know," he said, "but I have taken a fancy to this old thing. You will not mind my saying that I know your affairs go none too well. Would you care to accept ten pounds for it?"

"Make it twenty," said Domenico. "And I must keep the frame."

"You are, of course, joking?"

"Certainly not. If you wish to buy it, that is the price."

Cesaro was a man of swift decisions. He pulled out his wallet.

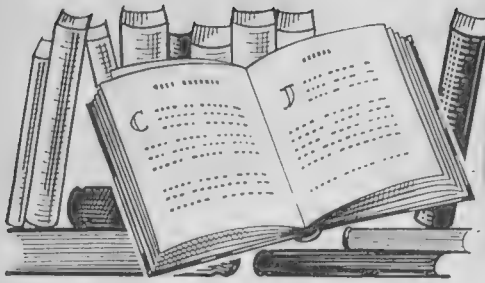
Domenico took the picture out of the frame and rolled it up neatly. His neighbour was departing with almost indecent haste, when he called after him.

"I hope it will bring you much pleasure—though what you can see in one of my great-uncle Beniamino's daubs—"

Cesaro came back, swallowing hard. "Your great-uncle Beniamino? What was his other name?"

"Fazzoletto, to be sure. A copyist rather than a creative artist, but competent."

Cesaro could not trust himself to speak. He went out quickly. That night Domenico restored the dog-loving children to their frame with the reflection that he need not look at them. "After all," he said, patting his cat on the head. "One old master in this house is enough, eh, Ovideo?"



APRIL READING

For you this month — books of music and mystery, travel and tragedy; ranging from the gardens of Vauxhall to the grandees of Versailles

by TREVOR ALLEN

MOROCCO

In 1950 U.S. journalist Marvine Howe went to Fez as companion to a French commandant's children. Later she worked for Radio Maroc at Rabat, became the riding pupil and friend of the Crown Prince Moulay Hassan, and learned much of the Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef's family, especially the emancipated Princess Aitcha who loves jazz, jeans, swimsuits, cars, sports, and would like to live like any French girl. In One Woman's Morocco (Barker, 21s.) Miss Howe gives her vivid reactions to Moroccan life and the underlying motives of the nationalist movement. Her unorthodox views and impressions should widen our understanding of the present conflict.

Secrets of Morocco and (*below*) London. Both vivid and very readable books

I DOUBT if Henry Hall's most devout fan ever imagined that he was once in the Salvation Army, but in his teens he did actually join that earnest body—to type letters, proof-read music MS. and copy out scores for 12s. 6d. a week. "I still think I was lucky to spend two years of my early training in the Music Department in Judd Street rather than in the different atmosphere of Tin Pan Alley," he says in his autobiography **Here's To The Next Time** (Odhams, 15s.).

He was duly asked to play second cornet in the International Staff Band, as well as accompany soloists on the piano, so one shouldn't mind if he blows his own trumpet a bit and hands himself—modestly, of course—almost enough bouquets to fill Covent Garden's Floral Hall. He came up the hard way, and has every right to be proud of the shows he has skippered, the artists he has sponsored.

Later, as one of "The Variety Three" (who didn't last long) he toured the small halls of the North, which Doris Waters once dubbed: "You know the sort of place—knee-deep in peanuts and the smell of last week's tigers!" At the Palace, Bradford, he met Naughton and Gold, who wired Sir Oswald Stoll out of the blue, "*Our bill matter for Monday week Naughton and Gold Comedians.*" Back came the expected reply, "*We have no date with you Monday week.*" To which the comics responded, "*Why not?—Naughton and Gold.*" A few stories of the kind lighten an absorbing inside account of a show-job Mr. Hall takes seriously, for it involves constant hard work.

There have been many books about rusticating in rookery nooks, including *Down The Garden Path* and *Pilgrim Cottage*. Geoffrey Willans has written **Crisis Cottage** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) mainly to laugh at the whole business of hiring a builder to knock the place about and trying to emulate the floral triumphs of the plausible fellow who wrote *Grow, Have Fun, Make Money*. Mr. Willans cannot take it seriously because he once met the author of a popular book about a country cottage—an ageing young man who seemed to creep round the edge of the walls, was followed by a Siamese cat bawling at the top of its voice, bore under his arm a huge green volume containing a thousand poems by a foremost Indian poet, and said, "You might like it—*as furniture.*" Neighbours, such as the Admiral who can never forget that he once commanded the Q.E. and likes Brownies and Bunnies galore in his garden, contribute to the fun of a truly rural frolic.

ONE attraction of Vauxhall Gardens through two centuries—1661 to 1859—was that you could rusticate there without having to settle—except for the bill, and even that you might try to dodge by vanishing into sylvan arbours and alleys. Pepys found the place "Mighty diverting"; to Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley it was "a kind of Mahometan paradise"; other famous patrons included Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, and the future George IV clasping his "Perdita" Robinson. A Proclamation issued for its Jubilee announced that "ladies are expected for this night to omit wearing their anterior and posterior protuberances, alias the patent bosoms and Sestini bums, and depend on the elasticity and rotundity of nature." A 1795 print showed a guest masquerading as the Devil, with enormous false head, horns and cloven hoofs, and kissing his hand to a lovely Diana with bow, arrows, and hunting horn. W. S. Scott gives an entrancing account of the masques, cascades, bands, illuminations, nightingales (some fake) in a richly illustrated quarto **Green Retreats** (Odhams, 18s.).

I cannot see (*Continued on page* 68)

Two from

Photographs
by Michael Murray

1 *For the beach—and, believe it or not, from Paris—Fair-Isle trimmed rompers with matching cross-over cardigan for babies from nine months to two years*

MATERIALS: *For the smallest size* (9 months to 1 year) 7 balls of Penguin Alpin 3-ply wool in white; 2 balls of similar wool in light blue; a pair of Nos. 13 and 14 needles. *For the middle size* (18 months) 7 balls of white wool and 2 balls of light blue; a pair of Nos. 12 and 13 needles. *For the largest size,* 8 balls of white wool and 2 balls of light blue; a pair of Nos. 11 and 12 needles. *For all sizes,* 10 buttons and 1 larger button. *Measurements: Smallest size,* rompers: chest 18 ins., length 18 ins.; cardigan 9½ ins. *Middle size,* rompers: chest 19½ ins., length 19 ins.; cardigan 10 ins. *Largest size,* rompers: chest 21 ins., length 20 ins.; cardigan 10½ ins. *Tension.* 9 sts. and 13 rows on No. 13 needles, 8½ sts. and 12 rows on No. 12 needles, 8 sts. and 11 rows on No. 11 needles to 1 inch in stocking stitch. *Abbreviations:* St., stitch; k., knit; p., purl; tog., together; b., in backs of sts.; dec., decrease; inc., increase; st.st., stocking stitch; W., white; B., blue.

Where three alternative figures are given, the first is for the smallest size, the second for the middle size and the third for the largest size.

ROMPER FRONT

Begin at the crutch. Cast on 27 sts. with W. and coarser needles. Work 4 rows st.st.

5th row: P. Work 5 rows st.st. beginning with a p. row.

The Leg Openings: 1st row: Cast on 8, k. 8, k. 2 tog. b., k. 23, k. 2 tog. (33 sts.).

2nd row: Cast on 8, p. 41.

3rd row: Cast on 8, k. 16, k. 2 tog. b., k. 21, k. 2 tog., k. 8 (47 sts.).

4th row: Cast on 8, p. 55.

5th row: Cast on 8, k. 24, k. 2 tog. b., k. 19, k. 2 tog., k. 16 (61 sts.).

6th row: Cast on 8, p. 69.

Cast on 10 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows and in k. rows dec. twice as before, working 2 sts. fewer between the decs. each time. 64 sts. have now been cast on for each leg. Continue to dec. in middle for gusset between the two sets of 64 sts. until 12 dec. rows are completed (131 sts.). P. 1 row.

Next row: K. 64, slip 1, k. 2 tog., pass slipped st. over, k. 64 (129 sts.). Work straight until length from 5th row of crutch is 9 (10, 10½) ins.

The Waist. Change to finer needles. Next k. row: K. 20 (k. 2 tog.) 44 times, k. 21 (85 sts.). P. 1 row.* Begin pattern.

1st row: Work 17 sts. in k. 1, p. 1 rib, with W., k. 51 B., rib 17 W.

2nd row: Rib 17 W., p. 51 B., rib 17 W. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows.

5th row: In every row rib 17 W. at both ends and work in pattern and st.st. on middle 51 sts. and only instructions for these sts. are now given (1 W., 9 B.) 5 times, 1 W.

6th row: (2 W., 7 B., 1 W.) 5 times, 1 W.
7th row: (3 W., 5 B., 2 W.) 5 times, 1 W.
8th row: (4 W., 3 B., 3 W.) 5 times, 1 W.
9th row: (5 W., 1 B., 4 W.) 5 times, 1 W.
10th row: (1 B., (*Continued on page* 86)

Paris . . .

2 *Knit our Paris-style cover jersey, with its adaptable polo-collar hood. This version was knitted on a Rapide machine*

MATERIALS : 14 (14, 15) oz. of Lister's Lavenda 3-ply. 1 pair each of Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 knitting needles. *Tension* : 8 sts. and 11 rows to 1 inch on No. 11 needles. Machine to be set to give this tension. *Measurements:* 32 to 33 ins. bust size ; length, 21½ ins. 34 to 35 ins. bust size ; length, 21½ ins. 36 to 37 ins. bust size, length, 21½ ins. *Abbreviations :* K., knit ; p., purl ; inc., increase ; dec., decrease ; tog., together ; st.st., stocking stitch.

Where three alternative figures are given, the first is for the 32 to 33 ins. bust size, the second for the 34 to 35 ins. size, the third for the 36 to 37 ins. size.

Paragraphs headed *Hand Knitting* refer to hand knitting version only ; those headed *Machine Knitting* refer to machine knitting only. *All other paragraphs apply to both versions.*

BACK AND FRONT (the same)

Hand Knitting: With No. 11 needles.

Machine Knitting: Using main tension.

Cast on 132 (140, 148) sts. Work 4 ins. in st. st. Dec. each end of next and every following 4th row until 120 (128, 136) sts. Work 3 more rows.

Hand Knitting: Change to No. 13 needles.

Machine Knitting: Change to tension 2 sizes smaller than for body of work.

Work in st.st. for 2 ins.

Hand Knitting: Change to No. 11 needles.

Machine Knitting: Change to main tension.

Inc. each end of the next and every following 6th row until 132 (140, 148) sts., then inc. each end of every following 4th row until 152 (160, 168) sts. Work without shaping for 8 ins.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 11 (12, 13) sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Change to k. 1, p. 1 rib and work as follows :

Hand Knitting: On No. 11 needles 1 in.

Machine Knitting: With main tension 1 in.

Hand Knitting: On No. 12 needles 1¼ ins.

Machine Knitting: Using tension 1 size smaller than for body of work 1¼ ins.

Hand Knitting: On No. 13 needles 1¾ ins.

Machine Knitting: Using tension 2 sizes smaller than for body of work 1¾ ins.

Hand Knitting: On No. 12 needles 1¼ ins.

Machine Knitting: Using tension 1 size smaller than for body of work 1¼ ins.

Inc. both ends of next and every following 10th row, continue as follows :

Hand Knitting: On No. 11 needles 4 ins.

Machine Knitting: With main tension 4 ins.

Hand Knitting: On No. 10 needles 4 ins.

Machine Knitting: Using tension 1 size larger than for body of work 4 ins.

Hand Knitting: On No. 9 needles 3 ins.

Machine Knitting: Using tension 2 sizes larger

(*Continued on page* 88)

What's New?

Spring bonnets, harbingers of sunnier days, and light, bright Summer dresses, lend a frivolous air to the cosy, practical clothes that have seen us so nobly through the winter—play up to these cheering symbols with gay new lipstick colours. Goya, thinking along these lines, present "Kiss," their newest-of-all lip cosmetic. The seven Kiss-stick colours, creamy and long-lasting, come in special Cocktail Cases (price 3s. 6d. each), pretty and pink with a lucite "jewel" atop, or in a gold and pink swivel case (6s. 6d.).

Pale, pale lips, of the faintest, most natural pink, have a throw-away charm that complements fresh Spring colours, and later, a brown holiday skin. Rose Edith, Guerlain's newest lipstick shade, is this very colour, a pale clear rose; it costs 16s., and their "clean-fingers" refill 8s.

The firm of Harriet Hubbard Ayer, whose cosmetics were well known over here before the war, have cemented their return to this country with the opening of a new Salon, at 93 Piccadilly, London, W.1. The high quality of their beauty preparations has long been an accepted fact among American women; there are many here who will welcome the return of these products—in particular Strawberry Cream and Strawberry Lotion. Salon treatments cost from 6s. for eyebrow-shaping and 15s. 6d. for cleanse and make-up to £1 10s. for a revivifying Strawberry masque.

Gayelord Hauser, the dietician who stresses the importance of eating *natural* vitamins, mineral salts and proteins to "look younger and live longer," has turned his expertise to the cosmetic field. To formulae supplied by Mr. Hauser, Life and Beauty Ltd. are manufacturing beauty products that cleanse and feed the skin to create a perfect "canvas" for your make-up. For thorough cleaning, Cleaner (10s. 6d. a tube) and Yoghourt Soap (3s. 9d.) are recommended; skin foods are Yoghourt Cream (12s. 6d.), Carrot Cream (10s. 6d.) for a very dry skin, and Yoghourt Liquid Cream (12s.) for an oily skin. These and other preparations can be obtained by post only from Life and Beauty Ltd, 5 Avery Row, London, W.1. (postage and packing 1s.).

Finally, for the sparkle in your eye, there is a new eye-freshener called Scan. It is made from a solution almost identical to natural tears, can be used straight from the handbag-size tube, and costs 1s. 6d. from local chemists.

Today we are rediscovering the cosmetic properties of grey hair: silver paints, pearly rinses, starry powders, point up its flattery

Quieten an anxious reflection with the promise of a newer, subtler charm

Grey for Glamour

DOES the thought of greyness dismay you, or are you one of the enlightened who see it as a change of colour with great promise?

Nobody today can seriously believe that grey hair is a stigma. In this connection at least we have caught up with men about whom the description " greying at the temples " is used to describe both heroes of romantic novels and distinguished members of the Diplomatic Service.

Previous generations recognized the dramatic, youthful impact of grey or white hair framing the face. La Pompadour herself, the ladies of the French Court, and of course our own Regency great-grandparents, all dressed their hair with white powder, or wore grey-white wigs, to give value to the languishing glances of their bright eyes and the rosy softness of their cheeks.

However, as with most things in this life, it is the half-way stage that is the most trying—pepper-and-salt fronds or streaky black-and-white hair give an awkward, indeterminate impression. So our cosmeticians and trichologists have thought up some bright ideas, that you can put into practice yourself, to counter this almost universal problem. (Dyeing, which is a permanent process and should only be done by an expert, does not fall within the scope of this article.)

Newest of these beauty aids is a preparation called Smoke, that is designed to give a delicious silvery grey tone—or deep grey, depending on the strength you use it—to the whole head, even if the original hair colour is not grey but dark, blonde, or red. To my mind, it has two special virtues: the first is that it doesn't give that hard, blue look to grey hair; the second that it can be washed so easily.

SMOKE, though the most recent arrival, is not alone in this field. There is one series of colour rinses, used to deepen or enhance the natural colour of the hair. Among them is Grey Pearl—the name is self-explanatory. Steiner, the noted hair stylist, is also well known for his Gunmetal Rinse, used in the same way as Grey Pearl: that is, diluted with a little water and put on when the hair is damp. Steiner also makes Gunmetal Dry Tint, a powder that is sprayed on the hair and spread by brushing to give an even, all-over tone. These rinses do not *change* the colour of the hair, (*Continued on page* 80)

Chrysis answers individual beauty problems: write c/o

The tint of elegance . . .

This smooth sophisticated head achieves its silver gleam with the aid of a hair colouring preparation that is easily applied, and rinsed out with your next shampoo. Wisely, the lady dramatizes the matt blackness of her dress and the highlights of her hair with one important jewel only—much more effective, this, than a clutter of small *bijoux*. For further enhancement of the black-and-silver theme, we suggest a silver or pearly nail-polish, and the very lightest touch of silver, or green, blue or violet flecked with silver, eye-shadow

"Britannia & Eve" Ingram House. 195. Strand. W.C.2. enclosing a stamped envelope

Photographs

by

Caradog Williams

Dandy saucepan, top left (£1 9s. 6d.), also with red or yellow handles and in other sizes with frypan to match, Heals; red-handled frypan (8s. 3d.) Harrods

Plastic pot scourer with nylon bristles (1s. 9d.); three Prestige kitchen tools (£1 6s. 6d. complete set of six); all from Harrods

Gaily decorated Swedish oven-proof casserole (£1 11s. 6d.) Heals; yellow duster underneath (2s. 11d.) from Harrod

Heavy Dutch ironware casserole (£3 15s.) has removable handle the plastic place mat (5s. 3d.) has accompanying circular glass mats (1s. 4d.), also red; at Heal

Bex plastic measuring spoon (1s. 11d. set), Army & Nav Stores; red roller towelling (16 90 ins. length 11s. 9d.), Harrod

Potato masher (6s. 8d.) Harrods to its left, Irish Linen roller towelling (3s. 11d. per yard) with matching glass cloth, Peter Jones

China espresso coffee pot (£2 15s. 6d.), the first to combine the popular espresso principle with a decorative breakfast pot, white, yellow, green. Harrods

Felt hot-dish mitten (7s. 11d.), with perky animal face, the jaw just fits the thumb, Harrods; background, striped apron (7s.), from P. Denny, 39 Old Compton Street, London, W.1.

Bex scrubbing brushes (7s. 6d. each), from Gamages; emerald green curved scrubbing brush (4s.), other colours, from Harrods

Oblong dish (16s. 9d.) and "yoghourt bowl" (6s. 3d.)—the orange in the centre is for colour contrast only!—on striped glass cloth (5s. 9d.); all from Heals

Colour in the Kitchen

. . . to enliven curtains or coal hods, tiles or teacaddies

Left to right, steel, carving knife, cut-saw-and-scoop knife, and carving fork: steel and meat carvers (£2 19s. the set) with deep green handles come from Heals; red-handled handy knife (£1 5s. 1d.) from Harrods

TV cup and saucer (£1 8s. 9d.). Non-viewers will enjoy using it for kitchen breakfasts, the outsize saucer-plate is patterned in green or terra-cotta, Harrods

Celebrity plate rack (£1 19s. 6d.) of plastic-covered wire, with metal tray beneath, and extra rack for saucers, in four colours, Maples, London.

Scarlet plastic dustpan (8s. 3d.), whose front scoop edge tapers smoothly—and noiselessly—to meet the floor, also in green, blue, or ivory, from Maples

Rotaflex lampshade (£1 19s. 6d.) of spun plastic with plastic-covered flex. The top half is white, bottom half in yellow, red, green or black (other shapes), from Heals

Colourful Bex washing-up brushes (6s. 6d. each) with cream polythene handles and heads filled with ivory, green or red tufts, from Army & Navy Stores

The new Polywhirl floor polisher (£5 5s.)—fitted with four rotating brush heads instead of three—needs only a light backwards and forwards motion instead of heavy pressure, Harrods

Rayon tablecloth (54 ins. square size 11s. 9d.; 52 ins. by 70 ins. 15s.), red/white or black/white check, large matching napkins (£1 6d. per dozen, or singly), Maples

And finally, the gayest of flour scoops (6s. 6d.), deep and capacious, in blue, green, red, or white; Bex, from Maples

Frozen assets...

Just what is the value of a refrigerator? Is it merely a pleasant indulgence or does it rate as a necessity? Read this and decide

What would Mrs. Beeton say? . . .

How much food will a family size fridge hold? This much goes into the L 230 Electrolux

IS a refrigerator a necessity or a luxury? A large number of households in this country are still loyal to the larder, which suggests that "luxury" gets the most votes. But is this sound? Cold facts from the scientists tell us no.

We live in a temperate climate (in spite of cold snaps and sudden heat waves). But there are very few days in the year when the atmosphere passes muster for the safe storage of food. Summer temperatures range from 50° F.–75° F. and over. The safety level for food is 42° F.

These temperatures hold, generally, for four months of the year. What about the rest? We may well be toasting our toes on the fender, shivering in the upstairs passages and feeling complacent because there is no danger of the milk turning, but when the outside temperature drops below a comfortable level, we pile on the heat indoors. Condensation, especially in the kitchen, produced by cold air outside meeting warm air inside creates a damp atmosphere and in this bacteria flourish.

Even a larder suffers fluctuations of temperature. Few larder doors give a hermetic seal even if you remember to shut them, and a fluctuating temperature is not a safe one for food.

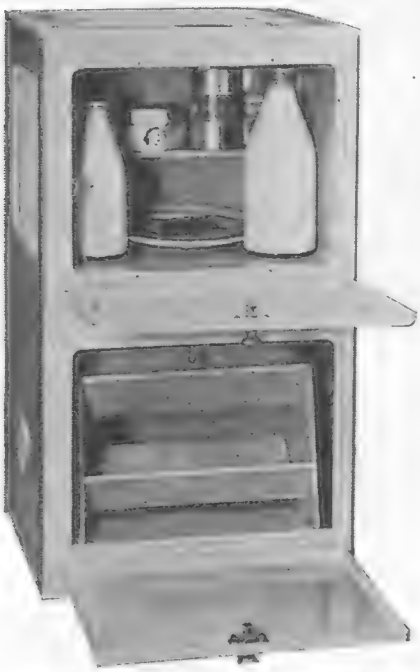
Food contamination is not necessarily visible. Don't assume that what looks good and even tastes all right *is* good. Changes of composition are not apparent to the eye in the early stages.

Scientific research has shown that at temperatures above 42° F. destructive organisms in food begin to multiply fairly rapidly. Vitamins, too, are readily destroyed by exposure to elevated temperatures (that is above 42°) as well (*Continued on page* 49)

The fridge is an integral unit in this assembly of English Rose fitments

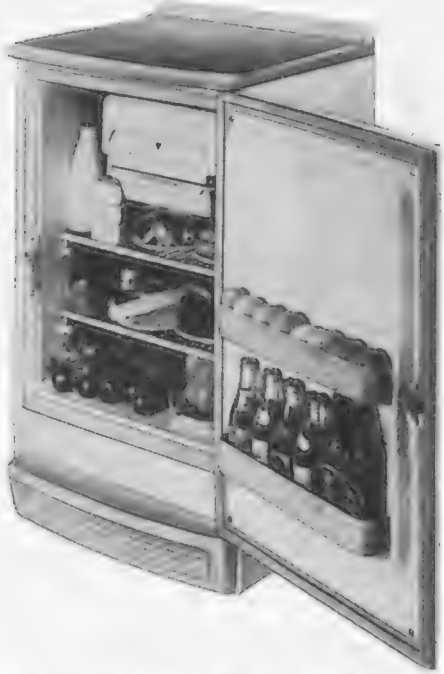
Kitchen-dining room, in which the Coldrator 3.5 cu. ft. refrigerator is incorporated beside the sink unit. The latest model (price £64) has a roomy locker-type freezer and a practical work-top surface. Kitchen planned by Froys

Sturdy, compact, the G.E.C. 4 cu. ft. fridge has maximum storage space. It has a turn-round shelf with an opening for tall bottles. In honeysuckle or white, price 75 gns.

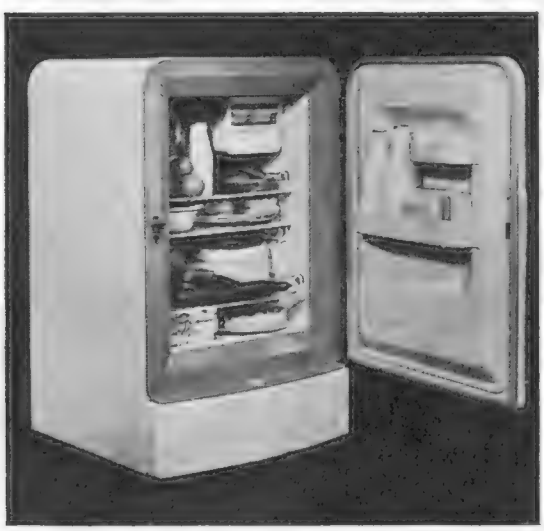


Lightness, inexpensiveness, no running costs are the main features of the Kepkold Pantry. Refill with cold water every morning, and the food keeps fresh. In cream enamel, price £19.16s. 4d.

The needs of an average family are served by this silent Electrolux L.230, price 58 gns. With adjustable shelves and plastic containers, in white or cream with turquoise fittings

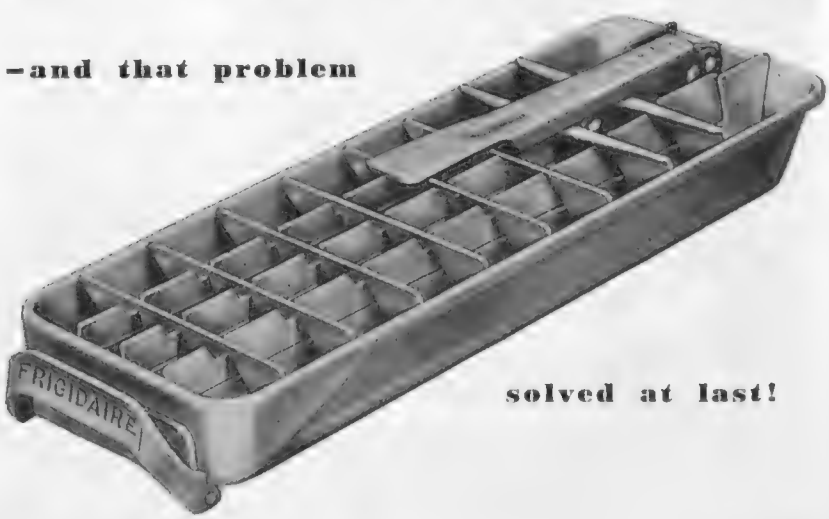


The Prestcold adds a gay note to the kitchen with its wonderful range of coloured tops and bases. The nylon-hinged door opens to the width of the 3.6 cu. ft. refrigerator. £74 13s. 5d.



The Morphy-Richards Astral 2.3 cu. ft. refrigerator has interchangeable shelves and a two-tray ice-making compartment. Economical to run on either gas or electricity. Price 51 gns.

—and that problem



solved at last!

No more banging or tapping with this Frigidaire "Quickube" ice-tray, which has a finger touch lever action to release the thirty-six cubes. Only available with the larger and family size models

(*Continued from page 47*)

as by light. The cabinet temperature of the modern domestic refrigerator is held by thermostatic control at a constant 38°–40° F. In fact, they provide the ideal conditions of cool, dark and dry food storage needed to retard changes of composition and preserve vitamin content.

We hear of only a small number of the cases of intestinal poisoning which doctors are called upon to deal with every week. Indeed, the mortality rate among babies —who are the most susceptible—from contaminated food is still formidable. It is practically a must in hospitals for milk to be kept under refrigeration before it is used for baby feeding.

On the side of £ s. d., the arguments in favour of the fridge are no less sound because they are familiar. Food wastage must add up to a substantial annual figure in the housekeeping budget, though few of us count the cost as we consign stale left-overs to the refuse bin.

What is new this year? The accent is on gay colours and pastel shades, inside and out. Clinical white takes a back seat to make way for the demands for brighter and more colourful kitchens.

PRESTCOLD, aware of this trend, are making their refrigerator tops and bases in forty-eight different colour combinations. What is more, these are all interchangeable, so that they can be altered to suit a new kitchen decorative scheme.

Frigidaires are extremely colourful in red, green, blue or yellow with gold shelves and pastel green interiors. They are also equipped with quick releasing ice-cube trays—just a light touch of the lever and the cubelets pop up.

Salads and fruit need protection from the drying effect of the circulation that occurs in the main body of the cabinet. Besides having plastic "humid" drawers to keep greens crisp and fresh, the English Electric 8.3 cu. ft. model has a cold drawer for flat cuts of meat, bacon and fish; although it is advisable to wrap strong-smelling fish such as kippers or herrings in foil.

AN important feature of the Electrolux L.230 is that it can be run on gas, electricity, bottled gas or paraffin and can be converted to any of these should the occasion arise. The centre shelf has a hinged flap to allow storage of tall-necked bottles.

The dual freezer, by English Rose, can be used individually or incorporated with an end unit. This makes a very compact arrangement especially for smaller kitchens. This freezer, with a L.E.C. motor, has been designed for the storage of frozen foods at zero temperature and other foods and drinks at normal refrigeration.

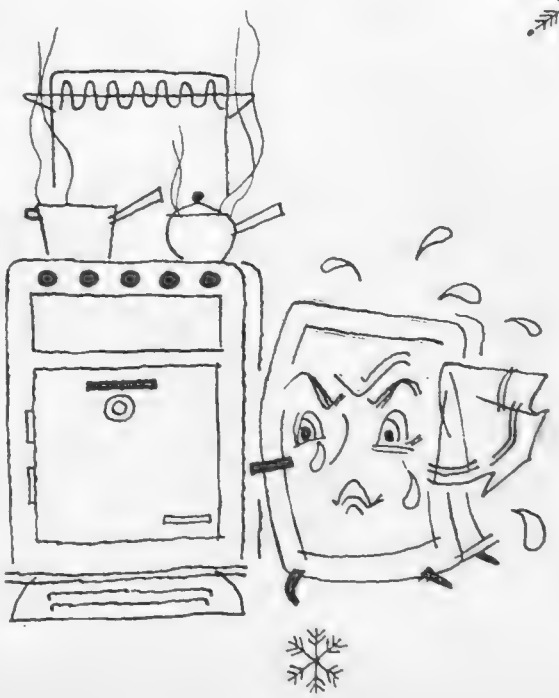
A blessing all the year round is the Coldrator thermostatically controlled "Buttador" which keeps butter soft enough for spreading. The table-top work surface, of the 4.9 cu. ft. model, is of heat resistant armour glass.

G.E.C. 4 cu. ft. model has automatic lighting and a turn-about top. The freezer compartment has a "spring leaf" tinted plastic door.

A very expensive luxury, the Kelvinator "Foodarama" is a peep into the future. It is a complete home food store and opens out to a seven-foot panorama of excellent food storing facilities for all kinds of perishable goods, yet closes to only four-foot width. The cost: a mere £537.

DO pack sensibly. Arrange food inside the cabinet neatly. Air must be able to circulate freely inside. Food in paper bags and wrappings and tight packing prevent this. Cover food in the fridge in neat polythene bags. Keep most-used commodities at the front; less-used at the rear. Do cool all food before it goes in, and use glass or plastic containers for pungent flavours

DO have mercy on your fridge, it is a good friend to you. Heat of any kind makes life hard for a fridge, even sunlight from a window. Sudden clouts from a door handle must scar even the best enamel finishes so don't set the fridge behind a door, and motors are more apt to play up if the cabinet is standing on an uneven floor

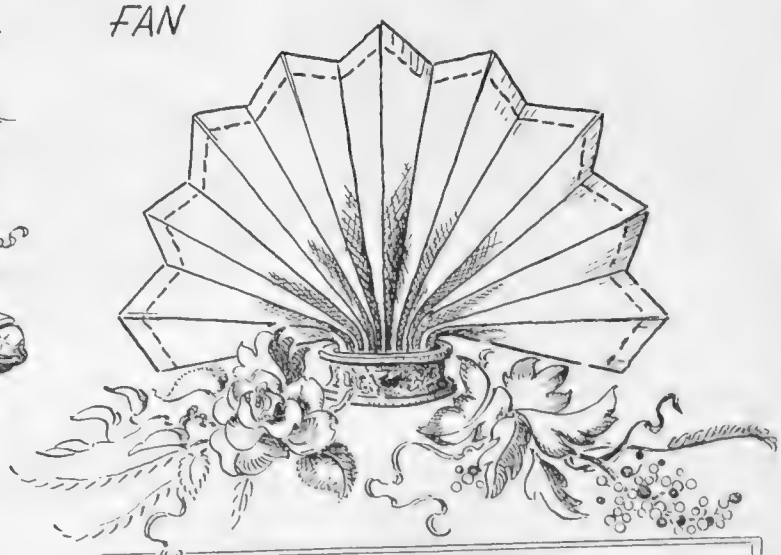


DON'T ask your fridge to live beside a boiler or the cooking stove. Its function is to keep cool, but to fulfil its mission in life in a wildly fluctuating temperature is putting an unfair strain on the motor. Incidentally, it inevitably uses more current keeping pace with the rise and fall of the temperature

tricks with

JESTER'S SHOE

FAN



READ THIS FIRST

AT one time table napkins were folded in extravagant designs that needed hours of preparation. Sometimes they were even scented and changed with every course of the meal. Wonderful days, but only memories. The accent now is on simplicity, often to the opposite extreme. Today we slip napkins into a ring, or just fold them flat.

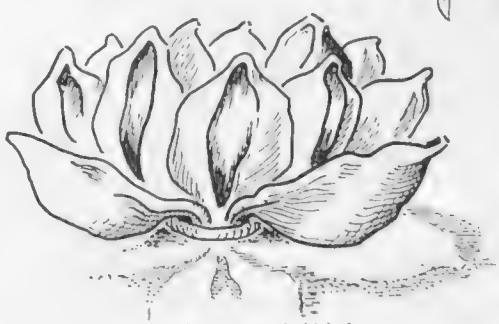
But they can be decorative as well as simple. Here we show you how to make eight attractive designs, some more elaborate than others, but all, except perhaps the water lily, very quickly made.

Don't rush at the folding without studying the diagram carefully first. You'll find it easy!

Illustrations by Pidherney

ROBIN'S HOOD

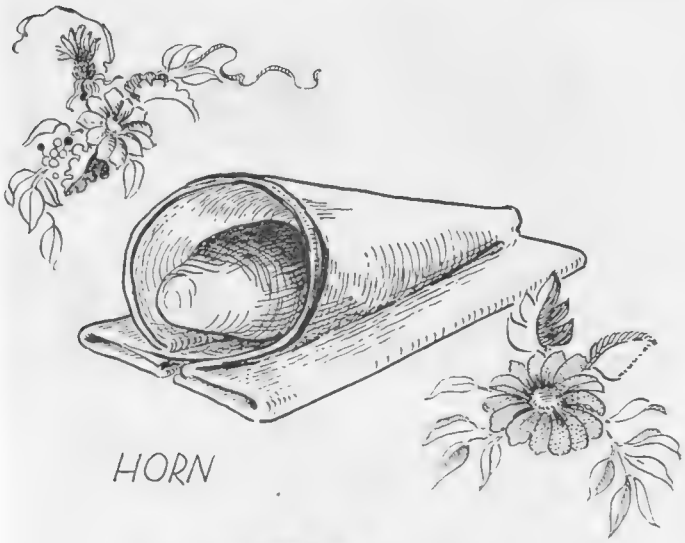
LILY



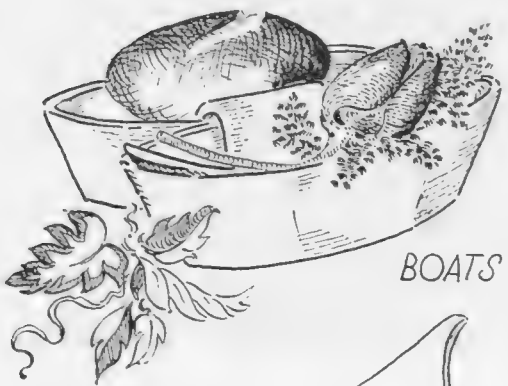
WATER LILY

★ **Detailed diagrams for the Lily, Snapdragon**

NAPKINS



HORN

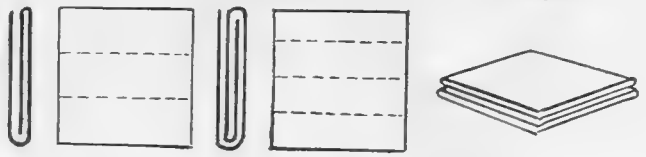


BOATS

SNAPDRAGON

~ HOW TO FOLD ~

Fold in 3 Fold in 4 Fold square



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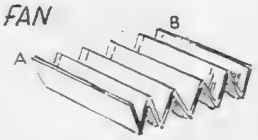
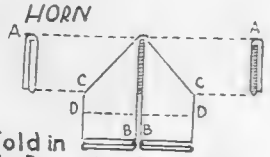
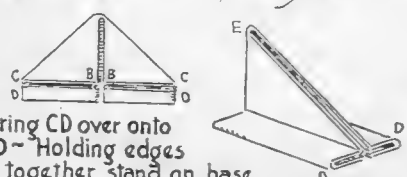


Fold into 3~Pleat from either end~Place in ring and open

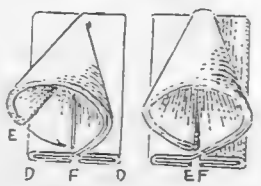
HORN



Fold in 3~Bring A,A down to B,B~ Fold B,B up even with line CC~

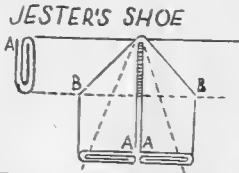


Bring CD over onto CD~Holding edges C together, stand on base and spread flaps to form a stand~

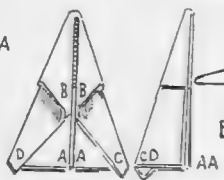


Curl point E down to centre front F

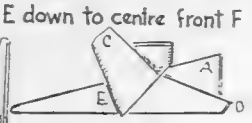
JESTER'S SHOE



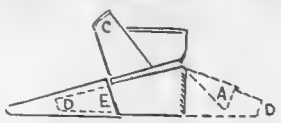
Fold in 4~Bring A,A down to centre AA~



Fold B,B down flush with centre~C to D~

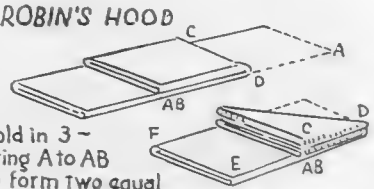


Bring C up alongside tuck E, and fold A down over D~

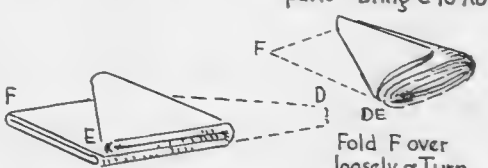


Slip flap D over C and into tuck E~Stand shoe up and spread C down over arch

ROBIN'S HOOD



Fold in 3~Bring A to AB to form two equal parts~Bring C to AB~DO NOT CREASE~



Bring D over to corner E, without creasing~

Fold F over loosely~Turn up DE, round out, and stand napkin up

WATER LILY

Spread napkin out, fold corners to centre~Repeat twice~

Turn over and repeat~

With a glass over centre, pull out sections under napkin to make twelve leaves

and Boats are on page 70—with more suggestions

1

CHOOSE THE RIGHT HEADLINE!

2

All change for Spring . . . the new trends in hats and hair styles blend together to light up your best features. These five individual ideas from well-known hat designers and hairdressers show you how to achieve perfect harmony

1. Andre Bernard leads the trend for longer hair with his fly-away bob. The hair is club-cut, and when brushed out is carried back off the face at the temples and swept into a broadly feathered fan shape at the back. This style, allied to the Watteau-like sailor (straw and velvet) with its browline tilt, is perfect for the oval face and the pretty brow. (Walmar Hat, about 3 gns.)

2. The fashionable chignon is ageless. It becomes youth and age. Martin Douglas designs a completely youthful version, allied to a gamine fringe. The cunningly fitted little velvet bonnet is gathered on to a drawstring, which grips firmly round the chignon, forming a gently fluted line. This style adds poise and decision to the features without detracting from the essential youthfulness. (Edma Hat, approx. 25s. 11d.)

3

5

Hats from Director Group

3. A high forehead is not always a blessing. To minimize its depth and to shorten the nose, the forward line of this pagoda-pointed felt hat with its two wings brushing the forehead adds grace and softness. The hair style by Paul, at Jose and Franck, sweeps back, unparted, and is deeply waved right down to the nape. The side wings are softly waved back to meet it. (Panda Hat, approx. 42s. 9d.)

4

4. The asymmetric line of hat and hair together gives length and dignity to the over-rounded face. Steiner parts diagonally from side to centre of crown, with the sides whipped forward and a light "S" fringe. The back hair is brushed up to meet the line of the hat, which cascades in folds of satin to the ear-tip on one side. This semi-turban can be worn equally well for day and evening. (Wai-Man Hat, approx. 29s. 11d.)

5. Springy, coarse hair would adapt itself very becomingly to this very brief flicked forward-cut by Raymond. A piquant style for a retroussé nose. To adapt this casual style for evening add a flat made-up chignon of nylon hair, pinned from crown to nape to cover ends. The velvet bandeau faithfully follows the line of hair, turning towards the temples and arching over the bun. (Marten Hat, approx. 27s. 6d.)

HOLIDAY MOTORING **by GWEN ROBYNS**

DRIVING ABROAD MADE EASY

Motoring abroad? Here seasoned travellers give hints born of hard experience

ARE you one of the 150,000 British motorists holidaying on the Continent this year, because it is a bumper year and the early bookings already show an eighty per cent rise on last year? Compare this with 1947 when nine thousand brave souls, including me, ventured forth!

The advice which follows now is particularly intended for greenhorns who are taking a car abroad for the first time. The veterans have worked out their own methods and I will come to them later.

The first thing to do, if you haven't already done so, is to consult the Automobile Association's Continental Service. This service is well worth the £3 which covers documentations (there is a wad of them), port assistance and the breakdown and spare part service. Apart from this you get help with mapping-out routes. I was once towed back from Hamburg through Germany, Holland and from Harwich to London—a trip that would otherwise have cost a fortune. This colossal service was included in the £3, so I really know its worth.

The more immediate pay-off comes with the advice you get about crossing the Channel from a port which bears some relation to your destination. If, for instance, you go to Bavaria it is better to cross to Ostend or Dunkirk instead of hitting the heavy traffic at Boulogne and Calais. One A.A. official makes a plea to the public to postpone making reservations until dates are fairly certain. The twenty per cent of cancellations and alterations expected this year threaten three times the amount of work for a staff already working flat out.

Despite air fares being up this year (£9 as against £7 for a small car) more and more people prefer to pay the extra and fly their cars to the Continent for a quick get-away. It is a twenty-minute crossing whereas for sea travel you must reckon on at least half a day by the time you have waited at the ports for unloading. In peak holiday periods this year, one air firm alone (Silver City) is putting on two hundred cross-Channel flights a day to cope with the demand.

WE have always found that for minor repairs the Continental garages are on the whole very helpful and skilled. If the charges are a little higher than here this is in keeping with the general cost of living there. Here again the A.A. breakdown repair service is invaluable. Should a spare part be needed that cannot be obtained in the country where you are travelling, it is sent out by the fastest route, usually by air. You settle the bill on your return.

If your faith in the staying power of your car is less than a hundred per cent, even if you are an inexperienced driver, play safe and keep off the crowded autobahns and autostradas. Of course, they make it possible to cover the distance in the shortest time but hard sustained driving is trying to the nerves. Shorten your tour and choose a secondary route. Nine times out of ten they are more interesting than the great highways.

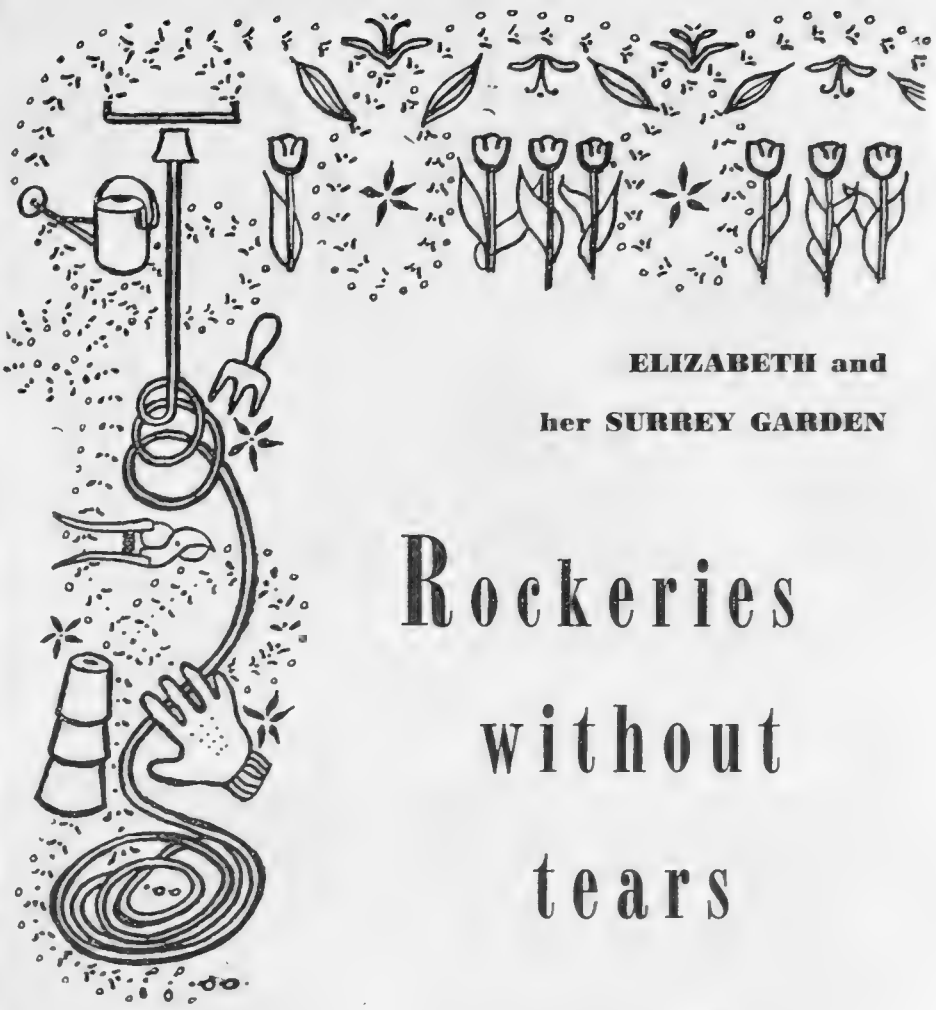
And now what to take in the boot. Apart from a normal service kit my own list runs to such things as a piece of rope,

Off the plane at Ferryfield Airport, Lydd, after a Continental holiday

clean rag, a jar of that wonderful cream that cleans your hands without the need of water, a small first-aid kit, a torch and one gallon can of petrol. In the dashboard I keep such purely feminine comforts as a bottle of toilet water, face tissues, a tin of those refreshing pads soaked in witch hazel and some good old-fashioned acid drops for hot and dusty hours when you are parched and can't get a drink.

I have been asking some seasoned foreign travellers how they make themselves comfortable. Singer Joan Hammond learnt the art of travelling back in her early days in Australia. True, she does have a Rolls-Royce, but this she regards as "almost my second home as I travel so much in it." She and I have the same formula for early morning travel. When you are fresh and the day is not too hot, she likes to be on the road by 8 a.m. and drives straight through until lunchtime when she picnics on the side of the road. In the back of the elegant Rolls is a spirit lamp and frying pan ("goodness knows what the customs officers think") in which she cooks up something simple.

PERSONALLY, I prefer to buy some cold meat such as garlic sausage, fresh crusty bread, cheese, fruit and a bottle of wine which I mix with mineral water if the day is hot. This I have about 11.30 a.m. when I have already been on the road for about four hours. By noon I am back on the road revelling in the absence of traffic. All good Continentals solemnly dedicate (*Continued on page* 66)



ELIZABETH and her SURREY GARDEN

Rockeries without tears

by ELIZABETH HAY

SOMETIMES I think that the rock garden is the most rewarding of all. There is colour in it practically all year round and, in Spring, the enchanting colours of alpine flowers make it a special joy. Our rock garden is a blaze of colour just now.

We are fortunate in having it so placed that we can enjoy its loveliness whenever we pass to go to the garage, and in my case, it illumines my twice daily trek to feed the chickens. We spot every plant or clump of bulbs and rejoice in them as new colours peep out.

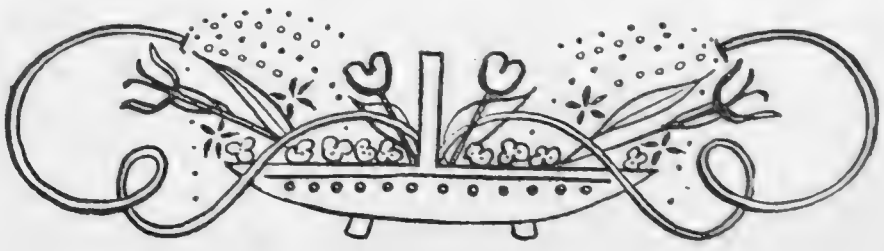
At Christmas there was one cluster of tiny mauve crocuses and white *Erica carnea*. In January, more crocuses, *Iris histrioides* and *Cyclamen coum*, snowdrops —though their brightness was a little dimmed by the fierce weather that followed.

We have a particular love for small bulbs, and are building up a good collection of them in the rock garden. They start early, and end with the Kaufmanniana, Fosteriana, and specie tulips in May.

Many of them come up through other alpine and rock plants which help to cover up their dying leaves when they are over. We cut off their seed pods before they ripen. Most of the bulbs seem to like the Hurtmore soil and the sunny position, and increase so that we can divide them and re-plant—a very satisfactory way of adding to our stock.

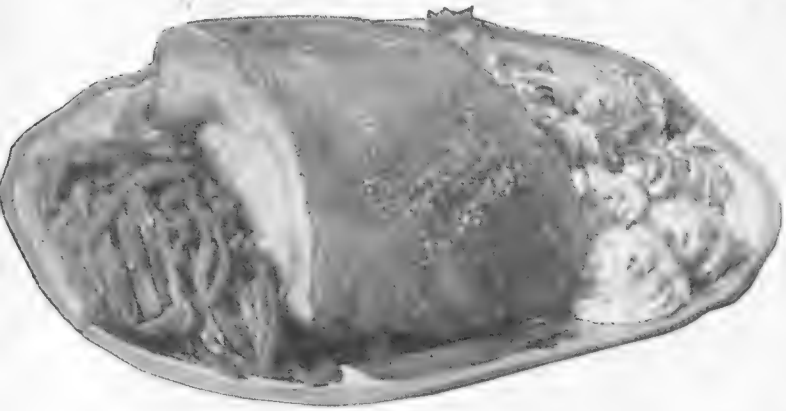
BECAUSE the situation of the rock garden is sunny and the ground sloping, it dries out very easily during the Summer; so last year Roy took great trouble to bring a supply of water there. He used plastic hosepipes, and buried them two inches under the ground out of sight. One of the virtues of plastic hoselines is that they can freeze and thaw out without bursting. He coiled the hose round and about the rock garden, with fine spray nozzles at intervals. Since the hose is covered, the nozzles are almost invisible, and when the water is turned on, a fine Scotch mist drifts over the garden, refreshing the tiny plants without damaging them.

It is a good idea to cover the ground between rock plants (*Continued on page* 85)



give them BACON!

Cook with Janet Darby



Ham baked in the American style with brown sugar and cloves, served with buttered French beans and creamed potato whirls

Give bacon the pride of place it deserves—don't just think of it as an accessory but as a main food. Here are some delicious, inexpensive dishes

Gammon and pineapple *au vin*: Spread each piece of ½-in. thick gammon with a little mustard and sprinkle with pepper. Put slices in a hot frying pan and brown both sides quickly. Add enough vin rosé to cover the surface of the pan, cover with a lid and cook gently for about fifteen minutes. Remove the gammon to a hot dish. Put drained pineapple rings in a fire-proof dish, add a glass of vin rosé. Warm through in a moderate oven (350° F., Regulo 3)

WHEN did you last eat bacon except at breakfast? Creatures of habit as we are, we still tend to think of it as a grocery and not as meat; in fact the provisions counter can provide a main course in the shape of a joint of bacon, full of flavour and goodness, and *much* cheaper than meat these days. A nice lean cut like the middle gammon, covered with a flour-and-water crust and baked in the oven, or covered with tepid water, with a tablespoon of vinegar, a dessertspoon of brown sugar, and a few cloves, and cooked *very* slowly on top of the stove, will provide you with a most acceptable weekend meal, and still leave enough to be eaten cold in sandwiches and snacks. Twenty minutes to the pound and twenty minutes over is the rule, and the water should barely move.

It's a curious anomaly that here in England, the land of bacon eaters, we tend to think of bacon and ham as accessory rather than main foods. All over the Continent they are given the pride of place that they deserve. In Hungary a special delicacy is thinly sliced raw gammon, served with a light sprinkling of paprika. Diners at epicurean restaurants frequently start their meal with wafer-thin raw Parma ham, combined with cubes of melon—a delicious combination of sweet and smoked. We at home can more modestly substitute delicate gammon for this super-ham, and achieve much the same effect.

If you are thinking in terms of "joints," gammon is of course the best choice (and, alas! much the most expensive). Gammon hock, middle gammon, corner gammon, or, if you are catering for a small family, gammon slipper. But a joint of collar is cheaper, excellent for boiling, and for eating hot or cold. Good for braising, too. Moreover—a joy to my economical soul!—it shrinks far less than fresh butcher's meat. When buying bacon, see that the lean is a good deep pink; the fat a fine white, not yellow or greenish; the rind not broken or ruckled; and most important of all, that it smells fresh and appetizing.

THERE is no need to confine your bacon research to joints. Add bacon and steak pudding, bacon and potato croquettes, bacon burgers and bacon macaroni to your file of dinner recipes. All are based on rashers of bacon, which you would normally have in your larder, and all are substantial enough to satisfy a hungry family.

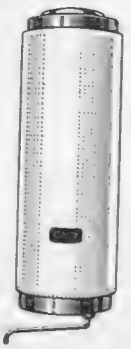
Why not team your bacon with fruit? Gammon slices grilled with pineapple rings; baked bacon with baked apples; fried bacon with fried bananas; roast bacon with sage and onion stuffing and lightly browned peach or apricot halves.

Bacon for parties—but see the recipes below and judge for yourselves!

In Poland, a favourite dish is *Bigos*. This is a splendid hotch-potch of cooked meats, gammon, sausages, diced apples, tomato purée, onion, wine and *one wineglass of vodka*, cooked in a casserole between layers of sauerkraut. (*Continued on page* 60)

...you really ought to know that a little gas water heater at the sink gives an instant flow of really hot water *that never runs cold.* No fire to stoke, no ashes to clear—yet just as much hot water as you want when you want it.

You can choose from a variety of different models at your local gas showrooms and enjoy this comfort immediately on Mr. Therm's easy terms.



GAS—to be sure

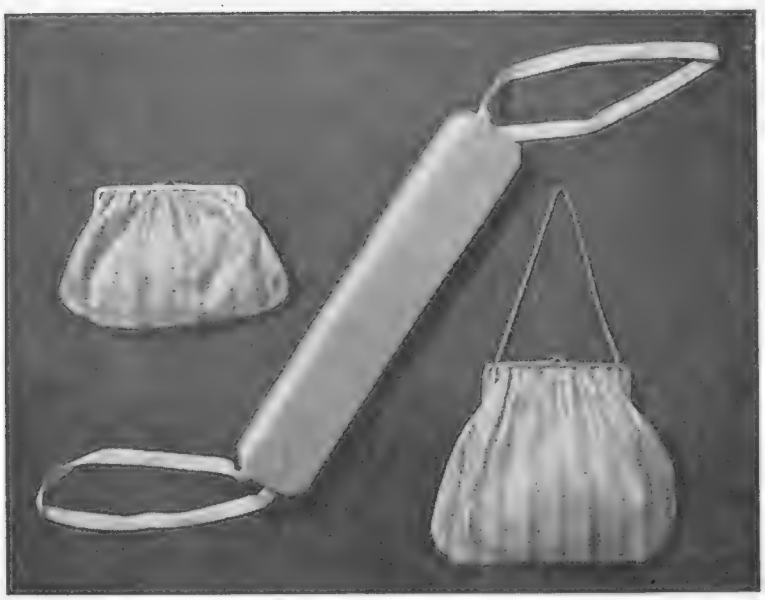
THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

SHOPPING FOR

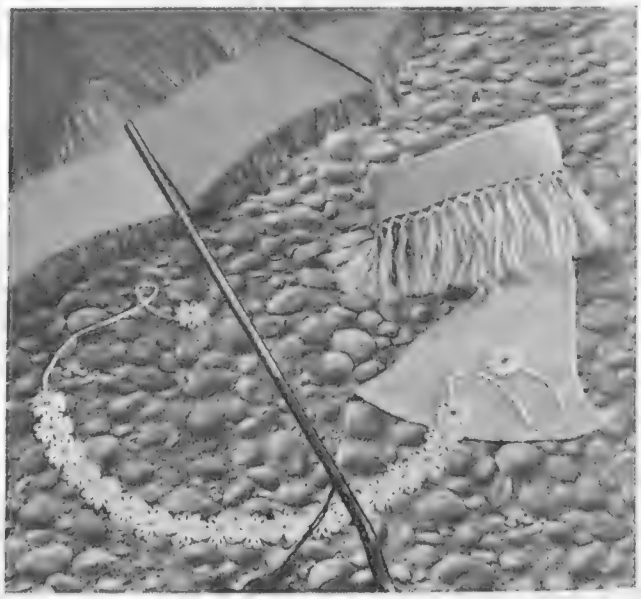
—conducted by Margaret Sharp

Three in harmony. A dark mushroom corduroy jacket with brass buttons and tab-belt side fastening. Three sizes, also in yellow. Price 97s. 6d., Bazaar, 138A, Kings Road, London, S.W.3. Dolman-sleeved orlon sweater with high ribbed neck. In pastel shades, price 59s. 6d. Gor-ray skirt in fine wool and cashmere material with twin kick pleat at back, curved hip pocket and a leather belt. Variety of colours, 72s. 6d. Swan & Edgars, London

Good news. Coloured suède belts, washable, priced according to width—1½ ins., 26s. Dickins & Jones, London, W.1. New "Silvette" sandals in vynalyte and calf: sizes 5 to 9, price 5 gns. Marshall & Snelgrove, London, W.1. Matching handbag—just slip a piece of the same material as your dress between the transparent plastic and bag lining. 1 gn., Galeries Lafayette, London. Nylon gloves that fit any hand or nylon and fabric with waffle design, all sizes. Both 14s. 11d., Fenwicks, London



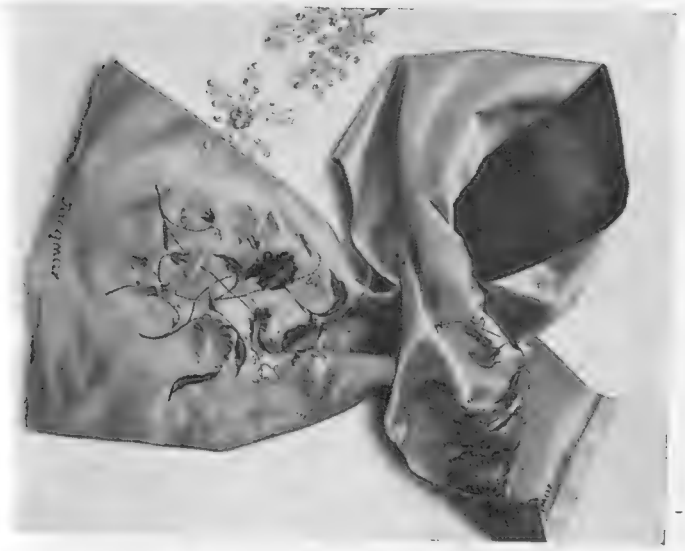
Aids to beauty. This supple foam rubber sponge rubs across your back to reach that difficult-to-wash spot halfway down; in two-colour combinations, 7s. 6d. Companion toilet and cosmetic bags are plastic-lined; the rose-striped fabric of which they are made is protected by transparent plastic; price 13s. 9d. and 8s. 9d. respectively. All from Dickins & Jones, London, W.1



Greet the sun. Parasol in straw material lined with rayon. Colours: red/white, blue/white, beige/white. Price 79s. 6d., Russell and Bromley, London, W.1. Ideal for the beach—Italian cotton-straw sun top in attractive shades, 2 gns. Italian straw belt—white daisies with yellow centres, 29s. 6d. Both from Harrods, London

YOU

Town trio: pochette in biscuit straw material, interwoven with black strands, about 49s. 9d.; matching umbrella cover, 10s. 6d., protects a long-handled ivorine umbrella, 48s. 6d.; "Double Ruffle" parchment calf court shoes, 7 gns., in B fitting only, sizes 5½ to 8½. Russell and Bromley, London, W.1



Accessories. ▲ Delicate pearl and diamanté spray to wear in the hair for evening or on the lapel of a tailored suit as a brooch, 2½ gns. Feather-light, flower spray earrings to match, 3 gns. Brighten-up a suit with this luxurious "Gaiety" satin cravat. In many colours, 49s. 6d. Jacqmar, London

Cool cotton. Skirt in stiff French cotton follows a smoothly curved line and then breaks out into two deep gathered tiers. Rich geometric designs gleam against a black or navy background. Gorray, about 47s. 6d. We show the skirt with an evening sweater, but it's perfect for daytime, too. Palmers, New Bond Street, London ◀

Be sure to see it!

...it's now in CREAM

...the latest

Electrolux

FAMILY REFRIGERATOR

sized and priced for the majority of homes

58 gns. (tax paid)

Gas or Electric models

Open the door of this handsome CREAM refrigerator... admire its turquoise facings... its turquoise door-shelves... here indeed is a beautifully finished modern larder. And, for those who prefer it, this model is also obtainable in gleaming WHITE with facings in a pleasing grey. This superb Electrolux—built for long, dependable *silent* service—will safeguard the family's food by keeping it cool... clean... covered.

- Shelf area 5 sq. ft., adjustable shelves.
- A door to store more.
- Permanently silent operation by electricity, gas, paraffin or bottled gas.
- Cooling unit guaranteed 5 years.
- Larger models (in white) 5 cu. ft. and 7½ cu. ft.
- Easy H.P. Terms.

Electrolux Excels

By Appointment Refrigerator Makers to the late King George VI

By Appointment Suction Cleaner and Refrigerator Manufacturers to the late Queen Mary

ELECTROLUX LTD. 153 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

We have brought Summer home

(*Continued from page 9*)

their booths for "musick, showes, drinking, gaming, raffling, lotteries, stage-plays and drolls" are putting on a Fair this Maytime. I approve of those enterprising locals who have recalled King James II's decree that the revels were to "start on May 1 and continue for fifteen days after it, yearly, for ever."

If I were not such a determined sleepyhead, I could follow the example of Mrs. Samuel Pepys who disturbed her husband's dreams at three in the morning to bathe her face in May-morning dew!

Transport me to Oxford overnight, however, and I would need no persuading to join the gown and the town at five in the morning to hear the choir singing, with almost supernatural purity from Magdalen Tower, the *Te Deum* and the Latin hymns to Flora.

I would certainly stay for the arrival of the Headington Morris dancers in their quaint white costumes. The bells on their legs and the fluttering scarves and handkerchiefs were originally meant to scare off evil spirits, and the vigorous athletic jumping action of dances like the Pipe Dance and the Bean Dance was supposed to encourage grass and flowers and new crops to spring up.

If I'd lived then, beyond the reach of rates and taxes, school fees, the end of the financial year and the ever-rising cost of living, I'd have been merry in the merry month of May.

I'd have capered into the woods at midnight on April 30 and come home in triumph at sunrise, laden with branches of hawthorn blossom to garland my doors and windows.

I'D have decked out my children in purest white with ribbons all over them, crowns of flowers on their heads, and nosegays in their hands. I'd have prayed for my daughter to be Queen of the May. I'd have sent them off singing, as they still do in Islip, near Oxford:

Good morning, Master and Missus
I wish you a happy day
Please to smell my garland
Because it is the First of May.

Out among the buglers, the horn-blowers, and the fiddlers, I'd have danced myself as breathless through the streets and the open houses as they do in the Furry Dance at Helston, Cornwall, every eighth of May.

I'd have been as thrilled as my elder daughter herself when a young man placed a branch of blossom at our door, chanting as he made off, anonymously, into the crowd:

Today, today is the first of May
The Spring time of the year.

Nor would I have concerned myself about superstition if she left a plate of corn on the grass overnight to see if a snail would crawl over it and trace out the initial of her future husband.

The core of the May festival (ending, traditionally, at Whitsun) was the maypole, drawn in triumphant procession to the village green by "thirty or forty yoke of oxen," each with posies on its horns.

But the Puritans struck at the heart of festive England in 1644, denounced the maypole as the "stincking idol around which people leaps and daunce," and sent hefty axemen to hew every maypole to the ground: May was in mourning till Charles declared after his Restoration that his people were not to be disturbed from their "May Games, Whitsun Ales, and Morris Dances, and the setting-up of May-poles."

But gradually, in spite of the royal edict, the jovial face and the industrious hands of John Bull became wrinkled with care and his heart and mind more out of tune with traditional custom. Some of our big cities greet the happiest month of the year with, of all things, a political procession.

But May is for merrymaking, even in this rational twentieth century: it will still be greeted in the Spring-fresh parts of the land by the young and the young in heart.

For myself I shall be greeting the May Day sun with joy, but *please*, don't wake me early.

END

NEXT MONTH

Are Western marriages practical?

Do Westerners have something to learn from the Orient about making marriage work? Gerald Sparrow, author of the widely read *Land Of The Moonflower* thinks we do. Speaking from the experience of twenty-five years in the East as a judge of the International Court, Bangkok, Judge Sparrow views Western marriages as romantic but unrealistic. Read his provocative article, promised for the May issue but postponed by the printing dispute

★ ★ ★

● *Summer events*

Time again to choose and make your clothes for gay events at home and on holiday. BRITANNIA AND EVE'S Vogue Pattern Service for June brings you a lovely colour picture of an entrancing cotton in fashionable stripes besides a variety of simple-to-make, up-to-the-minute styles

★ ★ ★

● *Meet Beryl*

Viewed from the auditorium, a thistledown lady like Beryl Grey seems fit only to dance away from Covent Garden to a home in an enchanted forest. In fact, Miss Grey lives in Mayfair with her husband and baby son. One of our most admired ballerinas has allowed us to photograph her for the June issue in the setting of her lovely home

★ ★ ★

● *Year's reward*

Elizabeth Hay writes about her Surrey garden and all gardens in the month when the labours of Winter and Spring show their splendid reward. Illustrated in colour

★ ★ ★

● *Don't miss . . .*

There will also be fiction, cookery, fashion, knitting and many other features. *Don't miss them!*

Give them Bacon!

(*Continued from page 56*)

BACON BURGERS

12 oz. minced cold bacon
4 tsp. chopped parsley
Fat for frying
3 oz. fresh breadcrumbs
2 eggs
Seasoned flour
Pepper

Mix bacon with the crumbs, parsley and sprinkling of pepper. Beat in the eggs and form the mixture into flat cakes, rolling them in a little seasoned flour if very sticky. Melt the fat and fry the bacon burgers on both sides until golden brown. Serve with peas and tomato sauce or sandwiched in a buttered roll.

BACON MACARONI

6 oz. macaroni
1 chopped onion
½ pt. stock
1 large tin tomato purée
4 oz. bacon
2 oz. margarine
1 oz. flour
3 oz. grated cheddar cheese

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Rinse quickly in cold water. Drain. Remove rind and chop bacon and onion. Fry both in half the margarine 3-4 minutes. Add stock, tomato purée and macaroni. Cook for a few minutes. Cream flour with remaining margarine, add to macaroni, cook for 5 minutes stirring well. Add grated cheese and serve.

BACON AND STEAK PUDDING

8 oz. suet dough
4-5 tbsp. stock
Parsley
1 lb. steak
6 rashers bacon
Salt and pepper

Make the dough. Dice meat and bacon add the chopped parsley, and season with salt and pepper. Use two-thirds of dough to line greased pudding basin. Put in the seasoned meat and stock. Roll out remaining dough, damp edges, cover the pudding with it and press edges together. Cover with greased paper. Boil for 3 hours.

BACON AND POTATO CROQUETTES

6 rashers of bacon
1 egg
Flour
Pepper and salt
1 lb. potatoes (cooked)
1 tbsp. parsley
Breadcrumbs
Fat for frying

Rind and dice bacon. Fry until crisp. Mash cooked potatoes finely and add parsley. Mix together with bacon, seasoning and a little beaten egg to bind. Divide mixture into eight, form into croquettes and roll in flour. Coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Reshape and fry in a little hot fat.

BACON, CHEESE AND EGG FLAN

Seasoning
3 oz. finely grated cheese
Parsley
¾-pt. milk
2 eggs
5 skinned tomatoes
6-8 rashers bacon

Make flan case. Beat eggs and milk together, season, cook slowly in double saucepan until thick: add cheese. Slice four tomatoes and cut up four rashers of bacon. Lay on bottom of flan case, pour cheese mixture over, decorate with pieces of bacon and tomato. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F., Regulo 3) 20-30 mins. until set and bacon is crisp. Garnish with parsley.

BRAISED BACON

1 oz. bacon fat
Flour
Sliced onion and carrot
Stock

Cooking time: 20 minutes per pound and 20 minutes over.

Soak for 2 hours. Boil bacon for half cooking time. Melt 1 oz. bacon fat in fireproof casserole with lid—add sliced onion and carrot. Fry until light brown. Cover vegetables with stock, put in the bacon. Cook remaining time in moderate oven. Half an hour before bacon is cooked, take off rind and return to oven without lid to brown bacon fat. Thicken stock with a little blended flour before serving. Serve with creamed potatoes and vegetables.

END

Make a first-rate meal with G. Russell Hay's exciting recipe for BAKED COD FILLETS

G. RUSSELL-HAY, O.B.E., guiding spirit of Overton's of St. James's and Victoria—one of the oldest Sea Food Houses in England (Est. 1812) and Holders of the Royal Warrant since the reign of Queen Victoria.

Ingredients: 4 cod fillets, approx. 8 oz. each; ½ oz. margarine or butter; 2 tomatoes, peeled; 1 onion; salt and pepper. *Method:* Melt the margarine or butter in a baking tin; dip both sides of the cod fillets in the fat and arrange in the tin. Dice the tomatoes after removing the seeds; cut the onion in half and slice finely. Mix together in a basin, and cover each fillet with the mixture. Season and bake for 15 minutes (Regulo 7). Garnish with lemon; serve with fried potatoes and peas or beans.

Give your Family a Treat...

BUY FISH TOMORROW!

SWEDISH SNACKS

Raise a riot of colour with these gay, open sandwiches. Make them with out-of-the-ordinary bread, Stork Margarine and toppings.

Use ¼-inch slices of white, brown, wholemeal, rye, French, plaited or malt bread —*or* 2-3 slices of pumpernickel sandwiched together with Stork.

Spread with Stork

Toppings: Sliced meat (cooked or tinned), cheese (in slices, triangles or fingers), fish (sliced or whole), halved sausages, sliced continental sausage, cream cheese with chopped onions or celery, or paprika and seasoning; salad ingredients.
Garnishing: Sliced hard-boiled egg, sliced tomatoes, gherkins, radishes, olives, etc.

DANISH DAINTIES

These Scandinavian favourites will be your favourites too! Arrange the toppings prettily for tea parties or buffet suppers.

Use thin slices of currant loaf, malt, milk, white, brown, wholemeal, rye, plaited or French bread, *or* pumpernickel sandwiched with Stork.

Spread with Stork

First layer: Honey, lemon curd, marmalade or your favourite jam.
Second layer: One or more of the following: sliced dessert apples or bananas (dipped in lemon juice to prevent discolouration), any other fresh fruit in season, *or* halved walnuts, sliced nuts, with sliced chocolate, figs, dates or stoned raisins.

All spread with creamy-golden Stork Margarine

CUT OUT AND KEEP THESE RECIPES

Stork Margarine Cookery Service

9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

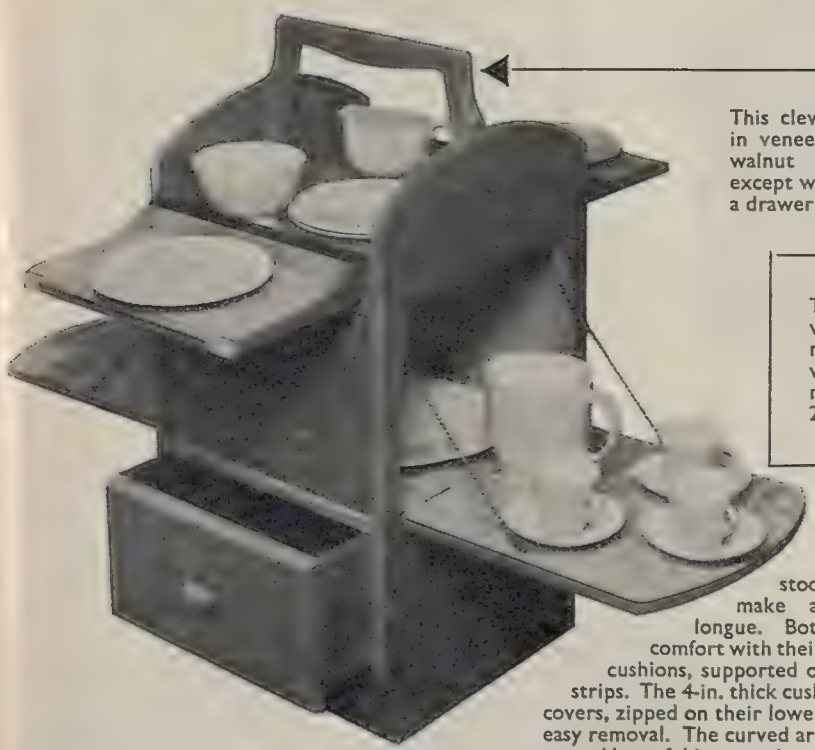
VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

JSC 442-657-133

Come into the Parlour—1

We show you new outstanding designs that will be very welcome in almost any sitting-room

Good value for the sitting-room: this G-Plan cocktail table has a cool green marbled top that is as decorative as it is practical. It is made of the tough new material "chipboard," the legs are lacquered black, trimmed and tipped with brass. The long low lines, marble surface, and shiny black frame show an Italian influence. Approximately £6 16s.



This clever compact cabinet in veneered oak or figured walnut does everything except wait at table; there is a drawer for china or cutlery

There are four flaps lined with Formica that lower into miniature tables. It is fitted with castors for easy movement. Overall height is 2 ft. 3½ ins. About £18

A Bergere easy chair and stool double up to make a modern chaise longue. Both are the acme of comfort with their thick foam rubber cushions, supported on rubber webbing strips. The 4-in. thick cushions have tapestry covers, zipped on their lower, unseen edges for easy removal. The curved arms, back, and well-turned legs of this attractive couple are of natural coloured wood with a waxed finish. The stool is 13½ in. high, 20 in. wide: price about £10 5s. 9d. Chair, £18 12s. 6d.

Where to Buy

Cocktail table: *Grange Furnishing Stores (London) Ltd., 129 Kilburn High Road, N.W.6.* Cabinet: *Chiesmans, Ltd., Lewisham, S.E.13.* Ercol Bergere easy chair and stool: *Harrods, S.W.1.* Vanson's unit furniture (overleaf): *Heals, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.* Ercol love seat: *Not be in shops until end of June.* "Penguin" bookshelf: *Selfridges, Oxford Street, W.1.* Sideboard: *Grange Furnishing Stores (London) Ltd., 129 Kilburn High Road, N.W.6.*

Come into the Parlour—2

Contemporary styles designed to meet modern needs and living

Kaleidoscopic is the word for this Vanson idea: you can build-up these five basic units (cupboard, wine chest, drawer chest, bookcase, and sectional bookshelves) into a room divider. Units can be bought individually. About £105 for the pieces shown

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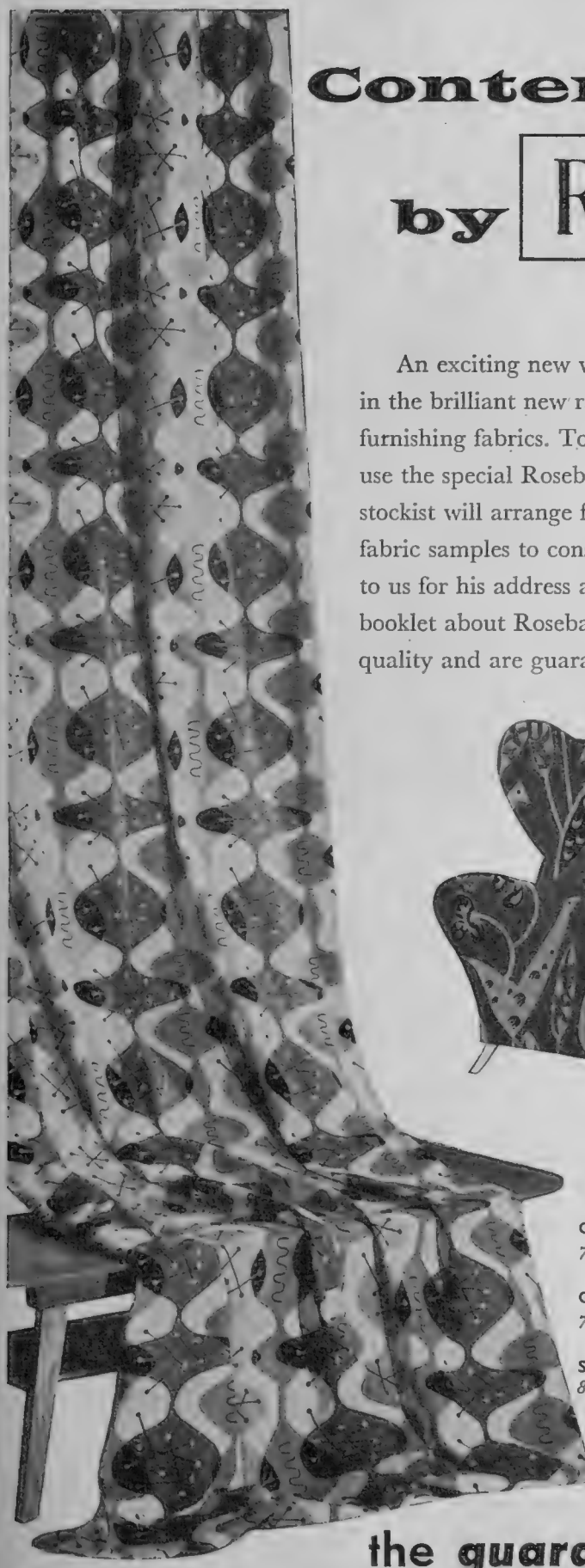

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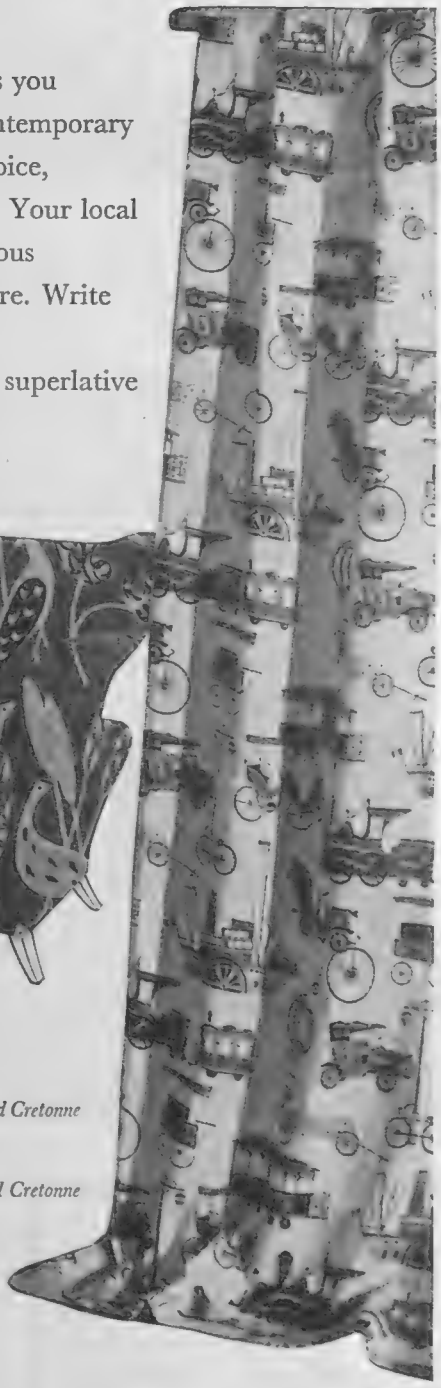

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How could I at THAT *time of the month? Wouldn't have been any good anyway, I always feel so uncomfortable.*

What on earth do you mean?

Well, I get chafed so easily. Besides, I'm so afraid it might show.

But surely you know about Tampax?

Oh, it would never do for me, would it?

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Driving abroad made easy

(*Continued from page* 55)

the two hours from noon onwards to food.

Peter Ustinov and his wife have an Aston Martin and prefer to travel by instinct rather than to a plan. They know that they have to get from A to B in a certain time, but how it is done is all part of the holiday fun. This "leave it to fortune" technique is all very well if you have travelled as much as they and have several languages at your command. Mr. Ustinov's idea of bliss, unlike Miss Hammond, is to spend time over lunch at a good restaurant. He reasons that he can make up lost time anyway. But then we don't all have Aston Martins!

John Gregson is planning to take his wife and children on a tour of Ireland this year, partly to get their small boys used to travel before tackling the Continent. He firmly believes that the secret of happy motoring with the family is keeping the children amused. So little Nicholas usually sits in front with Father and acts as navigator. Comes the hour when the children begin to get peevish and they begin to count car numbers. You take the first numeral and begin when you spot a 1 then shout when you see a car with the numeral 2, then 3 and so on.

On Mr. Gregson's recommendation I played the "occupation game." Here you take the letters of the registration number and turn them into occupations. For instance M.P. (Member of Parliament) but C.M.P. (Canadian Member of Parliament). As you read this it probably sounds very silly but on a boring stretch of road it has its moments. In the Gregson family it is made easier to spot them as they have a Hillman convertible.

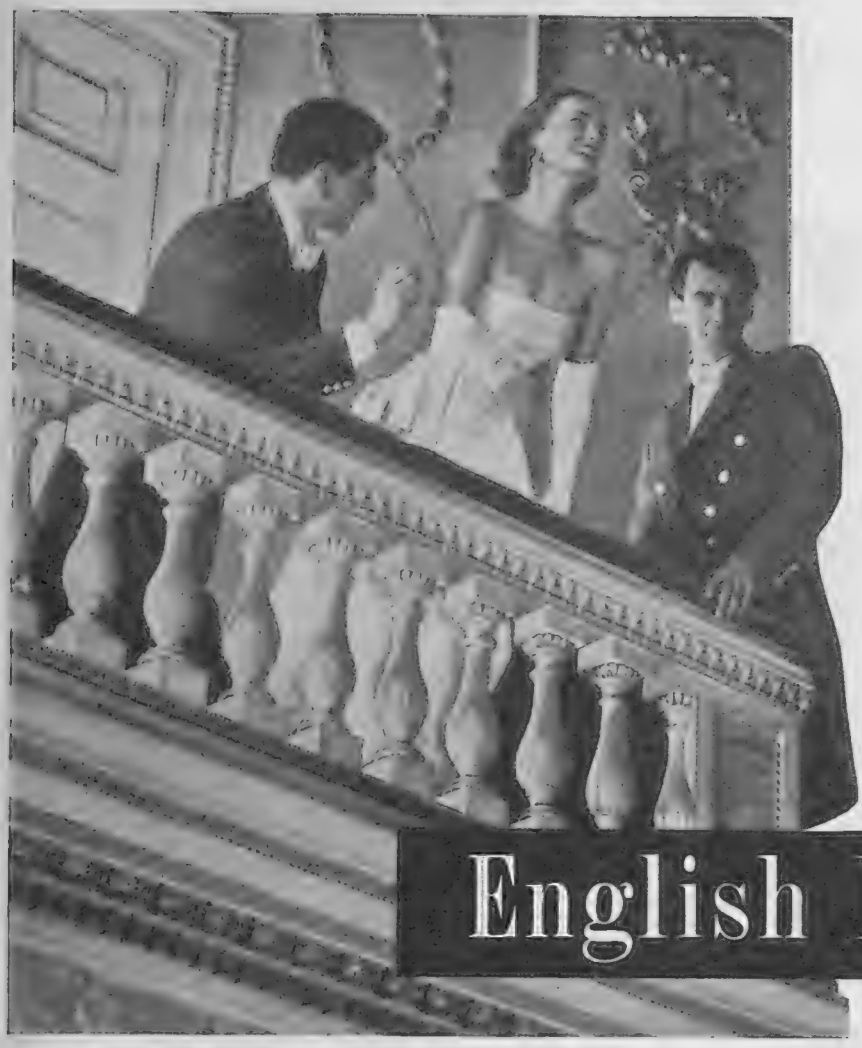
Richard Attenborough and his wife Sheila Sim did a South of France and Italian tour last year. Their personal kit contains a sponge bag with wet flannel and towel and a set of spoon, knife and bottle-opener. "I will never forget all those wonderful melons in France and the day Dickie tried to cut one open with a nail file!" They have a Jaguar Mark VII.

DRESS couturier Ronald Paterson and his wife Steve have worked out a fixed plan for taking the wheel two hours each. "But by the time we are nearing the end of the journey it is three to one as Ronnie drives faster than I and likes to get there quickly." They always carry two sponge cushions for six year old Candice. "As long as she can see she is never bored." In the back of their Ford Consul convertible they have a sleeping bag, too, so that when she gets tired after tea little Miss Paterson is settled down. Her particular car game is to make up rhymes in competition with Daddy about the place they are going to.

Now that Sheila van Damm has given up rallying she looks forward to having more time for leisurely holidays in her Sunbeam. She is a great believer in a sliding roof as you get all the sunshine this way without the disadvantages of dust. Her wardrobe tip sounds like common sense to me. "I always travel in an uncrushable linen skirt (is there really such a thing?) and a towelling shirt. This means that in the stifling hot valleys I am not too hot and yet have something substantial on if I have to climb up into the mountains."

And lastly I quizzed the ubiquitous Mrs. Gerald Legge who is never at a loss for an answer and is well known to enjoy creature comforts, including a bag of peppermints. She is strictly against the hamper lunch with sandwiches. "It is much better for the driver to get out of the car and relax over a meal." Mrs. Legge "hates convertible cars, sunshine roofs and in fact exposure to the four winds when motoring." Even on a long drive she attaches importance to looking beautiful. And why not? Old slacks or smooth coiffures, every woman to her choice,

END



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Helena Rubinstein

LONDON · PARIS · NEW YORK

April Reading

(*Continued from page* 39)

Mabel Digby visiting Vauxhall, though she was a spirited early Victorian miss who squirted water over her French governess, crashed her young brother down a garden slope in a bath-chair, was an intrepid horsewoman, and prompted her mother to say, "That child will be either a devil or a saint." The latter proved to be right, for she served as a devoted nurse in the Franco-Prussian war, dedicated her life to fostering "souls of prayer" in schools and training colleges, and became Superior-General of the Society of the Sacred Heart. Mother M. K. Richardson, Principal of Digby Stuart College, Roehampton, who entered the Society in 1931, writes warmly, fervently, of a noble life in **Mabel Digby** (Longmans, 16s. 6d.).

Elizabeth Denham found a mission in life, too, though not one she expected, as a young mother living with a small son in Sussex in 1940 and travelling daily to town on war work while her husband was away training in camp. Holidays had made her familiar with the Bordeaux country, so she was asked to return there with a colleague, Jon, round up stragglers from our Forces, and arrange by portable radio for them to be picked up at rendezvous points on the coast. **I Looked Right** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) is her account of breathtaking adventures in occupied territory after she had crossed by boat, plane, and submarine, and contacted former friends and the maquis. She writes under a pseudonym for personal reasons, and we have no check on her facts, some of which are wilfully vague, like her capture when a German saw her look *right* before crossing the road; but it is an engrossing story of courage and resource by one who was too scared to indulge in heroics.

Before Charles Bravo, a young barrister, died of antimony poisoning in 1876 he incriminated no one and seemed to blame only himself. Suspicion fell on the woman he had recently married, evidently for her money, and her Jamaican companion, Jane Cox. At a "trial by inquest" the verdict was that he had been wilfully murdered, but there was not sufficient evidence to fix the guilt or any person or persons. It was known that he had been fiercely jealous of his wife's admitted association with a Dr. Gully, which had begun during her previous marriage. The case, in fact, had all the mysterious elements of a *cause célèbre* with a sham Balham-Gothic priory for background. In **How Charles Bravo Died** (Jarrolds, 21s.) Yseult Bridges probes it with all the expert sleuthing she devoted to *Saint with Red Hands* (about Constance Kent), and formulates a plausible "biter bit" theory which exonerates the wife and excludes sympathy for the victim. The book is a brilliant piece of exposition.

MARGARET TROUNCER'S **The Pompadour** (Hutchinson, 18s.), first published in 1937, well deserves a revised edition, for it is an admirable study of Louis XV's mistress and her times.

It is not surprising that women authors excel at the historical novel; research and re-creation seem to accord with feminine detachment from more immediate concerns, and they often have the requisite leisure. Marriage to a research geneticist at Edinburgh University evidently leaves Edith Simon with enough to tackle a prodigious theme in 480 erudite pages: the Siegfried-Brunhilde Nibelungen story humanized as fifth century drama, shorn of the mythological trappings of Wagner's *The Ring*. **The Twelve Pictures** (Cassell, 15s.) is an astonishing achievement which projects the reader far back into the turbulent times of Attila and his Huns.

Dorothy James Roberts retells the story of Arthur and the Round Table, the quest for the Holy Grail, and Launcelot's love for Guinevere in **Launcelot My Brother** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), so titled because the narrator is Launcelot's brother Bors. Here, too, the evocation of the period, of Camelot and Joyous Gard, is remarkable, with Arthur striving to unite Britain against the marauder-barons who want it weak and divided, while the countryside is limned with a painter's poetry. Miss Roberts style is perfectly suited to her theme.

Australian novelists are finding a rich, romantic vein in their country's pioneering history. In **Fair Field, No Favour** (Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.) Alfred E. Couchman tells a robust tale of the days when convicts were still being shipped from Britain to New South Wales. Among them is George Watt, unjustly convicted of poaching, committed to Newgate, then to the hulks. His family and that of the girl, Jane Shepstone, to whom he is plighted, decide to emigrate to the new colony, and we follow their fortunes through events that culminate in the kidnapping of Jane and her sister by escaped convicts, their rescue by soldiers and settlers after a fierce battle, the fulfilment of the lovers' romance. It is a good, honest, forthright first-novel.

NAOMI ROYDE SMITH'S **Love at First Sight** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) portrays the headlong passion dominating a celebrated portrait painter, his son, and the son's daughter in turn—something of a record for one family! Alas, in the case of the grand-daughter, Dilys, the long arm of coincidence is stretched even farther than the angler's proverbial record catch. She falls instantly in love with a photograph in an illustrated paper (caption of course, torn off), even rejects a suitor for its sake (losing a big legacy thereby), and when her father decides to let his house and take her to Cyprus, who should the tenant be but—well, guess! Please, Miss Royde Smith, madam, you just *can't* do that to us in 1956, even though the rest of the story is intelligently written.

The scars of war and its aftermath heal not easily in Central European novels. Charles E. Israel's **How Many Angels** (Macmillan, 13s. 6d.) concerns a Sudeten German doctor who, having secretly aided an injured Jew and other outcasts during the war and after it, when the Czechs have expelled him finds himself virtually an outcast in Germany, abandoned by wife and adopted daughter, betrayed by an old friend. The story is well told in clear, brisk narrative.

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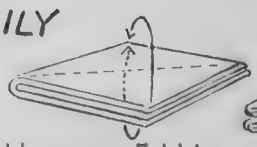
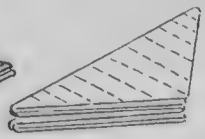
Tricks With Napkins

(Continued from pages 50 and 51)

LILY

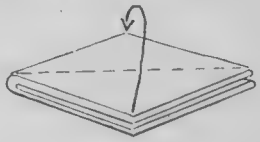


Fold square ~ Fold top two loose corners over to opposite corner, and bottom two under to same point ~

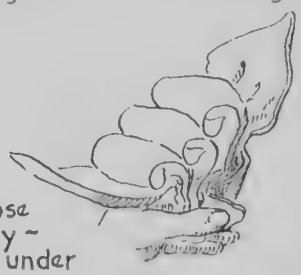


Pleat along base ~ Pull sections down with double section upright in centre ~ Place in glass

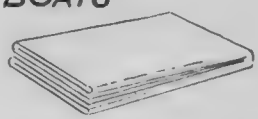
SNAPDRAGON



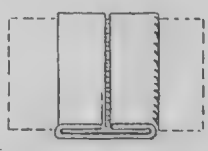
Fold square ~ Fold four loose corners over ~ Pleat as for lily ~ Pull points down and tuck under



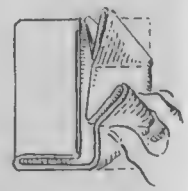
BOATS



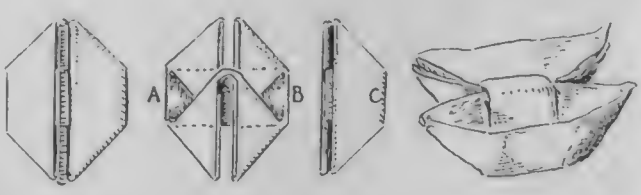
Fold in three, then in half ~



Bring edges into centre ~



Push all four corners inside ~



Turn this over ~ Fold top flaps back ~ Fold A over to B ~ Stand up on short side C, and open boats out

When each fold has been perfectly understood, you can work up the speed called for when your guests arrive too soon.

For best results, napkins should be starched sufficiently to give them enough body to hold their shape. Even with the most simple designs the folding must be exact; a quarter of an inch out at the beginning will often mean the loss of an inch or more at the end when it is needed to bind everything together.

The diagrams have been planned with great care; where two edges are shown, and you have only one, you had better start again! If in doubt, use a square of paper. The larger the napkin the easier it is to fold into these shapes—twenty-two inches square, or more.

It is always better, and sometimes essential, that the free edge of the napkin, when folded in three or four, is placed either under or over, at the top or at the bottom, as the diagram indicates. The "centre line" of the shoe should have about a quarter inch of space. Cramping occurs when the two sides are folded together. The hood must not be creased, as it is essentially a rounded shape, and is held together very loosely; if the final flap is left too short, it will stick out rather than lie snugly around its base.

PLEATS for the lily and the snapdragon should be small, or they will buckle when their petals are pulled down. Great precision is necessary in making the water lily, since so many folds are involved that the inner points are apt to be lost completely. The horn must be well starched and creased or it will go limp; its attraction is in its neatness. With the boats, push the corners well inside, but leave plenty of room for the top flaps to be folded back, to avoid excessive bulkiness.

Besides being attractive to look at, napkins can be folded so as to make up for the lack of flowers, or to hold small objects to please the eye and even to eat. For instance, rolls of bread can be placed in the shoe, the horn or the boats. For children's parties, sweets or nuts can be used and gold chocolate coins are a wonderful surprise inside a horn. At more sophisticated affairs, brooches can be pinned to ladies' napkins, or blossoms placed in the shoe, boats or horn.

Fans make a very gay decoration on tables out of doors in bright sunshine. You can get a striking effect by placing several water lilies over large green leaves on a round mirror as a centrepiece.

Still better results are possible if you use napkins with coloured borders, by changing the position of the loose edge at the start of, say, the shoe or the hood. This treatment tends to weaken the construction, but it is very much prettier. By using a green bordered napkin for the water lily it appears as a white flower set in green leaves.

END

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Fair Substitute (*Continued from page 12*)

She had had a difficult time, marrying just before the war a rather wild young pilot who had flown one of the missing planes. Left alone in life with Phyllidia, she had worked hard to educate the child, and oh, how difficult she had been!

"She'll round the corner," Brian told her, longing to comfort her, for she was a sweet woman with quiet brown eyes, and most certainly she made the most delicious scones.

"I know, but what bothers me is *which* corner will she round? I know my Phyllidia."

AS she sat there drinking tea, she looked up at the picture his mother had given to him, years ago, the only one in the little study. It was a print of a Botticelli angel! Fair, and pretty, like a pink springtime blossom; buxom, it is true, but very appealing. "She's like Nan Jones," said the mother of the May Queen.

"Come, come," said Brian.

He left to attend the Mothers' Meeting, and returned when the day was dying. When he walked into his study, never had he seen such a change. Someone must have "turned it out." The cross had been polished, and the mat turned round so that the shreds hardly showed at all. His desk was nicely stacked, and there, on the corner, was a big blue bowl of primroses. It was a very pleasant room, and the glimmer of a bright little fire in the now shiny grate was gratifying. When he went to the kitchen to scrounge for some supper, it was ready for him. A note said:

"Please forgive me butting in. Housework comes easily to me, and I hope you may find this pleasant."

He was deeply touched. It was years since such a thing had happened to him, when he came to think of it, never since his mother had died. Later he cycled round to the cottage to thank Mrs. Haines.

He arrived at an awkward moment for she and Phyllidia were having an argument. She did not like the dress she was to wear as Queen of the May, for she had discovered that it was on the foundation of her confirmation frock, which she had detested. And however cold the day, and however frail the dress, she would *not* wear her woollen undies. "So you can take that and lump it," she announced defiantly, "if you say too much, I won't do it at all."

"That isn't true," said her mother, "if the London newspapers are coming down, and the newsreel, you'll do it, so don't be silly."

"You don't know a thing. You're too *old*."

In the open doorway Brian looked aghast as Phyllidia whisked away. He had never thought that she would answer her mother back quite so brusquely.

"What are we going to do?" he asked.

"It'll be all right. I can cope." said Mrs. Haines.

He only hoped that was true. He thanked her for the delicious supper, and making his study look so pleasant. She was very charming. He confessed that he had acted on impulse in selecting Phyllidia, and admitted that he was now worried.

The May Queen's mother was a diplomat. She said, "I'll help. A long and difficult life has taught me a lot of things, though I admit managing Phyllidia was the most enormous lesson of them all."

He cycled home with the nightingales singing in the thorn bushes, and he thought about Mrs. Haines. She was such a *very* charming woman.

He wished he had not heard of the dance on the Monday night. It was one of those lively, modern affairs which are so stimulating to the young, and so depressing to the old. He gathered that although Mrs. Haines had tried persuasion, Phyllidia went off in a little red car, with a young man who probably had a much endorsed licence in his pocket. If it was an over lively night it would be difficult getting the May Queen into the decorated wagon for the ten o'clock procession.

WHEN the boy brought the milk to the vicarage in the morning, he insisted that Phyllidia had returned with the dawn, and unsteadily, at that. He was going down to the byres at the time, and had seen her himself. Heavens! thought Brian.

He went to see to the finishing touches to the decorated wagon, immediately after breakfast. It was all primroses and apple blossom and cowslips; the village was desperately searching the hedgerows for a tiny sprig of may to put in her crown, but it was a late year, and as yet this had not been found. The reporters were arriving; the men from the newsreel with enormously heavy bags and baggage were at the Jolly Carter.

Now the May maidens arrived in their white dresses, and coming out of the distance, Brian saw Mrs. Haines. It was a tremendous relief!

How pretty the young girls looked in the wagon! For the first time he knew that it was all going to be a most startling success—then he saw the May Queen, in a swirl of white lace going to her place. She—she's put on weight, he gasped, and he looked again. *The May Queen was Nan Jones!*

She sat down placidly, her flaxen hair catching the sunshine, and her little pink and white face like that of a Botticelli angel. That was exactly what she was! He trembled slightly, but there was nothing he could say, for Nan Jones made the most beautiful May Queen that he had ever seen.

HE felt Mrs. Haines touch his arm; she was blushing slightly as she said. "I am the mother who called the wrong May Queen. Somehow I thought it would be wiser. She's such a nice child . . . such a very nice child. . . ."

The wagon was starting off, and the May Queen sat there still smiling, with the sun on her pretty fair hair and her eyes like blue stars. One could almost visualize her wings!

"But Phyllidia?" he asked.

"She is still ill. It was entirely her own fault, and this ought to teach her a pretty severe lesson."

The wagon had moved into the lane. The newsreel man gasped. This was no Diana Dors, as he had been led to believe, and she had infinite charm. He could not think of whom she reminded him. Perhaps he wasn't interested in Botticelli!

In a daze the vicar assisted Lady Drake with the crowning ceremony, and watched the pipers' display and the Morris dancers flapping their ridiculous handkerchiefs at one another and twinkling their gartered legs.

By late lunch it was over. The reporters were full of the stand-in May Queen, owing to the other's indisposition. ("Tight," said old Josiah, "That w'ar more like it. That thar' were tight.")

But it had been a stupendous success, everybody said so. There must be further May Day celebrations in the parish, more May Queens. There must, thought Brian, be more May Queen's mothers, as well.

She came in to tea with him that afternoon. She made the tea, brought it into the study, and she sat down before him.

She said, "I've made up my mind to leave here, because I'm going to get a job. I intend scrapping everything, selling up what I can, and sending Phyllidia to a really strict boarding school. That seems to be the only way to do anything with her."

Brian felt a cold shiver. "You couldn't go away? Where would you go?"

"I don't know yet. Fortunately there are lots of good domestic jobs going begging, and I'm an efficient housekeeper and a good cook."

He wasn't thinking about Phyllidia as he said, "There's a job here, which needs you. I—I can't pay much, for you know what the stipend is, and I doubt if you would think it worth while, but I'd love to have you here."

"You mean you really want me?"

He hadn't realized until that moment how much he really wanted her, and how unutterably lonely he had been since his mother had died. Tenderly he said, "I do want you. I want you for ever."

Half an hour later, she said, "Yes, this is all right, but darling, how *will* you manage to tolerate Phyllidia?"

He didn't know. And he didn't care much! The future was too rosy to be upset by such a thing as a trying May Queen. Her mother was all that mattered!

"Oh, about Phyllidia," he said, "if you ask me she is growing up, and it can't be very long before she washes her hands of both of us. I can't see her liking the idea of a country vicarage, can you?"

Honestly, she couldn't.

END

A Palace Prepares . . .

(*Continued from page 15*)

Recently, his interests have focused on early Chinese art and antiques, on which he is an expert. Queen Louise, who worked with the British Red Cross in the first World War, devotes much of her energy to social and humanitarian fields.

But, over and above these gifts the Royal Family of Sweden have a special quality—a universal touch—that endears them to their people. This feeling of kinship, of being in the truest sense a family of the people, is fostered largely by the way in which the Royal children are being brought up.

Princess Sibylla, the children's mother, sent Margaretha to an English school for part of her education, where she was treated exactly like the other pupils (King Gustaf set an example here by attending a Swedish secondary school); Birgitta is currently learning dressmaking, and leaves the Palace early each morning to cut and sew clothes that will be sold to clients of the establishment. The whole Royal Family move about among their people unattended and simply.

But state affairs are attended with all the pageant and ceremonial that the world expects of royalty. During the course of the Royal visit (from June 7-9), our Queen will drive in the State Coach through Stockholm, be the guest of honour at a State Banquet at the Palace, and attend a special performance at the Royal Opera House.

When the visit is over, Her Majesty and the Duke intend to prolong their stay in Sweden, to attend the equestrian part of the fifteenth Olympic Games. The royal yacht, with Princess Margaret, the Queen Mother, Prince Charles and Princess Anne on board, will sail over to Sweden, there to be joined by the Queen and the Duke.

The final highlight of the Queen's stay in Sweden will be social rather than official—a glittering function known as the Amarant Ball. This is the fruit of a long tradition: the Order of the Amarant, the first Swedish order, was instituted by Queen Kristina in 1653. The ceremony of bestowing the Order was connected with a ball, which represented a festival of the Gods, Queen Kristina adopting for this purpose the name of Amaranta (meaning "the immortal").

These balls now take place every alternate year. In our picture you will see the sign of the Order, two A's surrounded by an intertwining wreath, on the velvet-covered table at which sits the Grand Master. It is surely symbolic that our Queen should receive as her last memory of Sweden a scene of gaiety and glitter, of courtly elegance reminiscent of more chivalrous days, that was inspired by an earlier Queen—a queen known to succeeding generations of her countrymen as "Immortal."

END

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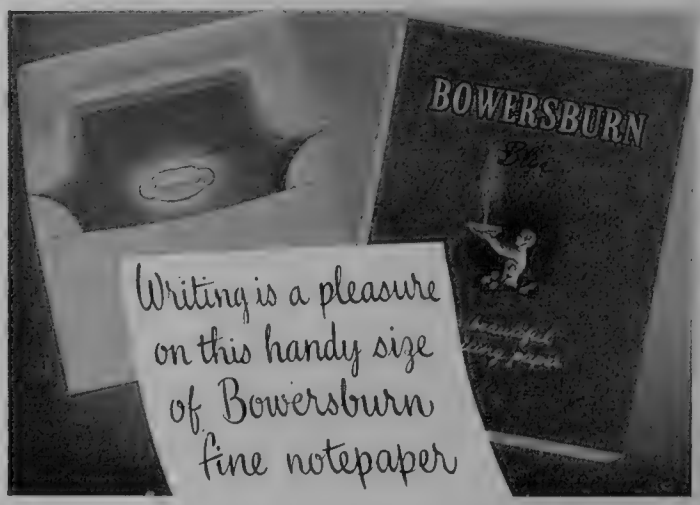

Pinchbeck's Secret

(*Continued from page* 35)

too, never changes, it is the same right through the article, so that scratches and scars on the surface do not appear as discolorations or disfigurements.

The story of Mr. Pinchbeck starts in Lincolnshire. The family originated in a village of that name; they must have been of some importance, for their name is mentioned in the *Spalding Free Press* (1873–5) as being among the "ancient families of Lincolnshire."

Christopher Pinchbeck, born in 1670, was the inventor of the alloy called after him which became famous throughout seven reigns, from Queen Anne's to mid-Victorian times. The exact date of the opening of his shop in Clerkenwell is not known, but, by the time the *Weekly Journal* of 1721 was published, Mr. Pinchbeck is mentioned in it as the "famous inventor of the musical clock, birds, and toys," and we are informed that "he is moving his shop from Albion Place to the Sign of the Astronomico-Musical Clock in Fleet Street." He was fifty-one by this time, so it would be reasonable to assume that he was forging well ahead in Queen Anne's reign.

I consider that an excellent example of his work during that time (circa 1710, when he would have been about forty), is shown on page 34 in the ear-rings and necklace set with chrysoprases.

On Christopher's death in 1732, Edward Pinchbeck, his eldest son and sole executor, took over his father's business. Now, for the first time, we hear of fake pinchbeck (it seems amusing that there should be imitations of imitation jewellery!): in the *Daily Post* of 1733 Edward complains bitterly of the cheap fakes made and sold in his name. The poor quality of the work seems to have meant more to him than the fact that they were plagiarisms of his own work.

PINCHBECK was so popular by this time that the French (for once!) were anxious to copy an English artistic invention. Among various other names they called it "pinzbek." But strangely, pinchbeck proved almost impossible to copy successfully. A man called Rentz, of Lille, made an unsatisfactory copy; this was later greatly improved upon by a Monsieur Leblanc of Paris, who must have caused considerable consternation by his achievement. Just the other day, I saw a copy piece that I believe to be by Leblanc. It shows the base metal underneath and is possibly some form of gilding. The back colouring gives it away, though the whole workmanship is superb.

The second (so called) son, Christopher, was named after his father, and seems to have been equally brilliant. I say "second (so-called)," because of the curious fact that Christopher Pinchbeck junior's death, widely recorded as being in 1783 at the age of 73, makes him appear to be the twin of his elder brother, not younger as he is generally supposed to be.

Both the Christophers it appears were famous at the time as inventors of mechanical toys and clocks, not particularly as jewellers. Christopher the son invented the famous candlestick with the ball balance, which remained upright at whatever angle it was held. It was much used on ships, and in taverns—legs being apparently as unsteady there as on heaving decks!

Both Christophers were patronized by their respective monarchs, George II and George III. Both were lampooned in the press of their time (some cartoons can be seen at the British Museum). Contemporary papers, such as the *Gentleman's Magazine* also leave no doubt that the brothers Christopher and Edward, although working in separate places, both used their father's formula for pinchbeck. But otherwise poor Edward, the son and heir, never seems to have reached the eminence of his brother. Not even the date of his death was recorded. Only the will of Christopher was published in the *Horological Journal* which shows that he left everything, including his shop in Cockspur Street, to his son-in-law, William Hebb. The will leaves no doubt that William Hebb, at least, either as a company or through his heirs, carried on the family tradition, and that it was on his premises that pinchbeck jewellery was still made after 1783. Probably the heirs of William Hebb carried on using the family formula (which might account for the quantity of this jewellery still to be found). The tiara and bracelet used in the colour picture on page 34 are about 1820 and 1825–30 respectively, in fact well after the second Christopher's death in 1783.

THE introduction of rolled gold, cheap gilding, and six-carat gold (now illegal) eventually killed pinchbeck as a popular medium. From about 1840 onwards much that was spurious came to be known as "pinchbeck." Such terms as a "pinchbeck type of fellow" were used, meaning "cheap" or "imitation," and there is, of course, Charles Dickens's Mr. Pinchbeck. Hence, much jewellery that did not even faintly resemble pinchbeck was called derisively by a name that by the best standards of craftsmanship is really illustrious.

So, records in our libraries and museums refute the popular view that the "secret" of pinchbeck died with its inventor. Many records give the proportions very definitely as one-fifth zinc and four-fifths copper; I would personally hazard a guess that the formula must have varied. It is obvious that the pinchbeck representing red-gold would have more copper in its composition, whereas the yellow-gold type would have more zinc. There are many examples extant that represent "golds" of a different colour.

Yet there *is* a mystery still about pinchbeck. No really perfect copy has been made since the Pinchbecks and their heir ceased their work. Why? Was there, after all, some secret in the making? Few will claim that subsequent materials have been as good.

END

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A Crown Of Thorns (*Continued from page 20*

morning would be taken up selling the load, leaving no time to gather and sell another. And a day lost meant a day of hunger, for food prices doubled at the Passover season, and he was barely able to keep alive anyway.

"Hosanna!" the crowd shouted as it marched along, laughing joyously and singing. "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord." When there were no more palm branches to cast upon the road, those who went before the leader tore off their cloaks and threw them upon the ground, so that the donkey on which the tall man with the strangely gentle face rode need not walk on the dusty path.

Studying the leader, Jonas decided that he was not like the ordinary local prophets who always came to Jerusalem at Passover time, each with his noisy band of followers. Burning-eyed, often cadaverous, their hair usually long and stringy and their robes flapping about skinny limbs as they walked, these fanatics were always causing trouble. But this man's face had a gentle majesty about it, like a king in the robes of a commoner. He was not such a king as Herod, of course, who was the spawn of an evil sire, but a real king, the kind spoken about by the old prophets, perhaps even the long-awaited Messiah who was to lead the Jews to their ultimate destiny.

BUT that was absurd, Jonas reminded himself. Even the hated Romans and the haughty priests and Sadducees of the temple would bow down before the magnificence of the Messiah. And certainly he would come in all the glory of godhood, not as a gentle-faced man in a dusty robe followed by a crowd of Galilean farmers and fishermen.

When the leader had passed beyond where Jonas sat, the hunchback called to one of the followers and asked the prophet's name.

"He is Jesus of Nazareth," the man replied. "Surely you have heard of Him, even here in Jerusalem."

Jonas now remembered hearing tales about a Prophet of Nazareth who was said to perform miraculous deeds. Tales of such men were always filtering into Jerusalem. There was hardly a Passover season that at least one of them did not appear at the head of his screaming followers, announcing himself as the expected Messiah. But when the festival was over and the life of the city had once more returned to its even tenor, these prophets, like their claims, always faded away. Jerusalem was accustomed to seeing them come and go. The temple guards knew how to handle them so that the Roman garrison was not disturbed. The Romans did not always understand these occurrences, and made more of them than they deserved, so the temple guards and the priests tried to keep the local prophets from coming to the Romans' notice.

This Prophet of Nazareth's following was the largest Jonas had ever seen, however. If they should choose to make trouble at the Passover, the temple guards would be hard put to keep order without calling upon the Romans.

The crowd was thinner now and Jonas led Eleazar down on to the path and joined them. The big panniers upon the mule's back swayed in an easy rhythm as the animal plodded along, but the load was not too heavy, for the wood was dry and Jonas was always careful not to overload the ageing mule. . . .

As Jonas had feared, it was dark before he could get into the city. Grumbling at the Nazarene prophet whose followers had cluttered up the road and kept honest tradesmen from their work, the wood gatherer led his mule to the mud-walled hovel shared by man and beast and lifted the baskets from the patient animal's back.

Zadok, the leper, whose mud-and-wattled hut adjoined that of Jonas, was late in getting home that night. But he was in high good spirits when he came, dragging his shrivelled limbs across the hard-packed earth.

"You should have been begging today, hunchback," he called to Jonas. "The pickings were good."

"Vulture!" Jonas said, but he was not really angry. It was just that a man who earned his keep should not put himself on the same level as a beggar.

"There was much excitement in the city," Zadok prattled on, munching bread and dates as he squatted in the narrow doorway of his hut. "The Nazarene prophet, Jesus, has come to Jerusalem."

"I saw Him on the road. His followers kept me from getting through the gates until it was almost dark."

"They are many," Zadok agreed. "And being Galileans, they make a lot of noise. What did you think of the one called Jesus?"

Jonas shrugged. "Another prophet, although better behaved than most."

"Better?" Zadok cried. "Then you don't know what happened." Without waiting for Jonas to answer, he said, "He went straight to the temple and started overturning the tables of the money-changers. And He drove out the sellers of pigeons, doves and kids for the sacrifice."

"Why?"

"Because they are a pack of thieves."

"But the priests—"

"The Nazarene acted as if He owned the temple itself. He told the sellers, 'It is written, "My house shall be called the house of prayer," but ye have made it a den of thieves.'"

Remembering the gentle-faced man who had led the procession from Jericho that day, Jonas could hardly believe what he heard. "Are you sure someone did not tell you a tale?" he asked. "I saw this man and He did not look like a troublemaker to me."

"I saw it myself. I was begging at the foot of the temple steps," Zadok assured him. "They say in the streets that Caiaphas has sworn to kill Him for it."

"I still don't understand. He did not seem like that kind of man to me."

IN the morning Jonas learned that everything Zadok had said was true. The name of the Nazarene prophet was on every lip. And worst of all for Jonas, people left their homes and their work, flocking to the temple when word came that Jesus of Nazareth had left Bethany, where He had gone for the night, and was entering the city once more.

Everybody expected trouble and no one wanted to miss it. As for Jonas, he wished heartily that there were no such persons as prophets. Most of the lime kilns and cooking hearths were unattended, and it took him all day to sell his load of burnet wood. Even then he was forced to cut the price in order to get rid of it and thus be ready to cut another load on the hillside tomorrow.

As he led Eleazar through the narrow streets below the temple hill—which was across the Vale of Kedron from the mighty fortress of Antonia, where the Roman garrison was housed—Jonas saw a great mass of people thronging the steps of the temple. It was there that teachers were allowed to address the multitudes. As Jonas stopped to see the cause of the commotion, a voice came to him across the heads of the crowd, as if speaking to him alone.

"But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in," the voice said. The speaker did not seem angry though, only sad. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves."

"Ha! Jonas." Zadok was sitting a few yards away. In their eagerness to listen to the speaker, the people had crowded around the leper, something they would not have done unless strongly excited.

"The Nazarene is making it hot for the priests and Pharisees," Zadok said, chuckling to himself. "I would give a shekel to know what Abiziah is saying now." Abiziah, the captain of the temple guards, was the avowed enemy of the beggars, who always sought to crowd close to the temple so that they might accost the crowds entering and leaving the holy place. Once, when Jonas had been selling wood for the sacrificial fires, Abiziah had mistaken him for a beggar and had sent him rolling with a heavy blow.

"Let Abiziah have the Galilean," Jonas said angrily. "He has cost me a day's work already by taking people from their homes and shops."

As he was turning away a voice seemed to follow him, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

All prophets were alike, Jonas thought with disgust. They railed at the Pharisees and the priests, who paid them little mind; they stirred up excitable people and gave the burly temple guards an excuse to break a few heads and show the Romans how well they could keep order. And the Romans, for all their talk about justice, did nothing. It was always the poor who suffered in the end. . . .

ALL that week the city was in an uproar over the doings of the Nazarene prophet. Many were now saying openly that he was really the Messiah and that Caiaphas was afraid to do anything about him. There was even a rumour that his followers would take over the city and proclaim him king. But Jonas, hungry because there was no market for wood when the lime kilns were cold, knew better. Rome ruled here through the priests and would tolerate no kings except its own puppets. This Nazarene was no different from the rest—a lot of talk and much excitement, but nothing else. When the Passover was finished, he would fade away like the others before him.

Still, Jonas could not entirely remove the feeling that there was something different about the man called Jesus of Nazareth. And the nagging of this inner voice only made Jonas angrier, for it was all because of this prophet and his troublemakers that he could not sell his wood, and so had nothing to eat.

Late one afternoon towards the end of Passover week, Jonas was sitting in the doorway of his hut, fighting a losing battle with his pride against going out to beg in order to fill his empty stomach, when the sound of jingling harness attracted his attention. To his surprise, he saw Abiziah, the captain of the temple guards, striding across the open space around the well from which the beggars and the poor obtained their water. And, wonder of wonders, he seemed to be coming towards Jonas's own hovel.

For a moment the wood gatherer was tempted to hide inside his hut, for Abiziah was a burly man with cold, pitiless eyes and a notoriously bad temper. But Jonas's pride, the same pride that kept him from begging, also would not let him hide, even if Abiziah might strike him again. He was an honest man, Jonas assured himself. And he paid the temple tribute faithfully. It could not be for him that the chief of the guards had come here today.

"You, there, the hunchback!" Abiziah called.

"Me?" Jonas asked, startled

"Are you not the seller of wood? The one who gathers the thorn bushes on the hillside?"

"Yes," Jonas admitted, getting to his feet. "But I have paid the trib——"

"Be silent and listen. I have no time to bandy words with beggars."

"But——"

"Silence." Abiziah raised his fist as if to strike the little man. Jonas tried hard not to cringe, but he still remembered the pain of that blow on the temple steps and shrank back against the mud wall. "I want you to go to the hillside and (*Continued on page 79*)

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A Crown Of Thorns (*Continued from page 76*)

gather an armful of green thorn branches for me," said Abiziah.

"Green ones will not burn," Jonas dared to point out.

"Did I say anything about burning? These must be green so they can be bent. To form a crown of thorns."

"A crown of thorns?" Jonas faltered. "I don't—"

Abiziah's contemptuous laugh rang out. "Crowns are for kings, woodseller." He took a shekel from the pouch at his belt and tossed it to Jonas. "Bring the green thorn branches to the palace of the high priest tonight and you will earn another shekel. And do not fail me, or you will rue this day."

"I will not fail you, sir," Jonas assured him, eagerly clutching the shekel. "At the palace of the high priest tonight. The green limbs of a burnet bush. For a crown of thorns."

Stopping only at a shop to purchase some bread and cheese which he munched as he walked, Jonas hurried toward the gate and the road to Jericho. As he walked, he wondered at Abiziah's strange words. There would be only one king in Jerusalem at the Passover, and that was Herod, who ruled the neighbouring Tetrarchy of Galilee. And surely Herod would not be wearing a crown of thorns.

PEOPLE were still pouring into Jerusalem for the Passover and the roads were jammed, and so it was already dusk when Jonas climbed, panting, up the hillside to where the burnet bushes grew. The whole face of the hill was a blanket of green now, for the bushes were almost ready to bloom. Fortunately he came upon a clump not far up the hill, saving himself the time and effort of climbing higher. Stooping, he seized a bush at the edge of the clump, one whose thorns were large and sharp, since Abiziah had emphasized that it was the thorns he was after. They pricked his hump as he bent over to pull up the bush, and they scratched his wrists when he sought a handhold about the trunk near the ground.

As he began to pull, an odd event occurred. An inner voice seemed to say, "Don't, Jonas, don't." The words were so clear that he stopped for a moment. But he had already spent part of the shekel, so there was no going back now, no matter what spoke to him. And then, gripping the bush, he began to work its roots loose from the ground.

Carrying his thorny burden carefully, so as not to disturb the green branches and the foliage, Jonas hurried down the hill and along the road. The streets of the city were almost deserted now; everyone who could arrange it was already at home or at one of the inns for the Passover feast. Surprisingly, however, there was much activity in the courtyard of the high priest's palace. A fire was burning and men were gathered about it as if waiting for something. Jonas made his way to the door, carrying the thorn bush over his shoulder and was admitted at once. Even Abiziah seemed to be in high spirits, for he smiled approvingly when he saw the large, green thorn bush.

"Cut the branches to the proper lengths for the plaiting of a crown," he ordered Jonas. "Another shekel will weight your purse this night if you do a good job."

Quickly Jonas cut the thorny branches. The two shekels he earned was a fortune indeed, as much as a week's income from selling wood. He should have been singing, yet he felt a strange urge to run from this place, as if it were evil—which, of course, it could not be, for next to the temple itself, the palace of the high priest was the holiest place in the city.

Outside, in the courtyard, the crowd had grown. A girl was accusing a tall man of something, and he was vigorously denying it, but Jonas wasted no time there. As fast as he could go, he hurried back across the city to his hut, oppressed by a sense of guilt that he could not explain, for he had done no wrong that he knew of.

The next morning was bright and sunny and Jonas felt better after eating a good meal and giving Eleazar an extra bundle of hay in honour of the Passover. Still that strange sense of guilt for a sin he could not remember committing weighed upon him.

By the time Jonas had fed the animal and finished his own meal, all the beggars had gone into the city, which was unusual unless something out of the ordinary was afoot. So, leaving Eleazar tied to the hovel, Jonas walked toward the temple to see what was attracting the beggars so soon.

Before he had gone far he heard people shouting, and with a rising sense of apprehension, he quickened his steps. He soon came to the fringes of a crowd that was surging through the streets, but he could not tell where they were going or for what purpose.

"What is the commotion about?" he asked, plucking at the sleeve of a passer-by.

"Pilate has sentenced the prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, to be crucified."

"Crucified?" Jonas trotted beside him. "On what charge?"

"He claims to be King of the Jews."

Jonas stopped short, the crowd eddying about him. "King of the Jews," he whispered. The words and the mocking laugh of Abiziah came to him now. "Crowns are for kings," the captain of the temple police had said. And they were crucifying Jesus of Nazareth because they said He claimed to be King of the Jews.

The crowd was moving toward the gate leading to the hill called Golgotha, and Jonas joined them. When they came over a small rise, he was able to see the front of the procession, which was already entering a narrow street. And there, just ahead of a broad-shouldered man carrying the heavy cross, was the Prophet of Nazareth, with a crown on his head made from the thorns that Jonas had furnished.

"I didn't know!" Jonas cried in an agony of guilt and pity for the doomed man, although Jesus could not possibly have heard him. "Abiziah did not tell me the thorns were for You."

People stared at him curiously, but continued on their way. Turning aside, Jonas ran along a parallel street, trying to move closer to the man whose forehead and cheeks were already stained with blood from the cruel thorns. Somehow, he must get near enough to the doomed man to assure him that he, Jonas, was not responsible for that painful crown, and that the blame was Abiziah's, who had commissioned him to get the thorns without saying what they were for.

BUT the Prophet of Nazareth was heavily guarded by Roman soldiers, and Jonas could not get close enough for Him to hear what he had to say. Finally, as the crowd poured through the gate and the soldiers hurried Jesus up the hill, Jonas gave up and made his way back across the now almost deserted city.

"I didn't know the thorns were for Him, Eleazar," he told the patient mule. "You know I am kind. I never hurt you as other men hurt their animals. And I feed you even when I have nothing for myself. I would not harm anyone and certainly would not sell thorns to torture an innocent man."

"Innocent." His choice of word startled him. Why did he feel so strongly that the gentle prophet, whom he had first seen entering the city along the road to Jerusalem, was innocent? But he was sure of it, nevertheless.

Sick with his guilt and shame, Jonas huddled in the corner of the hut. The money in his pocket burned him, and finally he took the coins and flung them away, fully realizing that he would now go hungry until the first day of the next week, when he could start gathering another load of wood to sell. But even that act of expiation did little to lift the weight that bowed him down.

In the late afternoon there was a violent storm, and clouds shut away the light of the sun so that it was almost as dark as night. Lightning played about the gleaming temple on the hill in a way that Jonas had never seen before. It was terrifying and he brought Eleazar into the hut for shelter. The two huddled close together, the aged, greying mule and the little hunchback, man and beast seeking to solace each other.

Jonas did not even go out when the beggars returned after the storm, but Zadok came to the door of the hut in much excitement. "Jonas! Jonas!" he called. "Have you heard the news?"

"I saw the Nazarene prophet going to the cross. Is He dead?"

"He died quickly. The storm rent the veil of the temple, and they are saying in the streets that the Galileans who followed this man were right. That He was indeed the Messiah."

"Go away!" Jonas groaned. "Leave me alone." It could not be true, of course. They were always calling every new prophet the Messiah.

But if it were! The awful thought struck him like a blow between the eyes. If it were true, then he had tortured the Expected One, by furnishing thorns for a crown for His head. And such a sin was unforgivable.

WHEN the first day of the week came, Jonas buckled on the harness that held the panniers upon Eleazar and, as the first rays of the sun were touching the city, set out for the hillside to gather wood. He could cower no longer in his hut, he had resolved, no matter how heavy his guilt might be. Even if he had lost the desire for food, Eleazar must still be fed. The patient animal had served him well and there was a strong bond of love between them. He could not fail Eleazar as he had failed himself by not obeying the voice that had warned him against gathering the thorn bush for Abiziah. And as he had failed the Nazarene prophet by assisting in his torture of thorns. If he could only have reached the prophet, he thought. Surely the Nazarene would have been able to understand and forgive him. But now that was impossible, for Jesus was dead.

A little way outside the gates a stranger joined him on the road. One minute Jonas was alone, plodding along disconsolately, and the next minute a man was beside him, matching his step to Jonas's. He was of medium height and his robe was of poor cloth, although fully cut, so that the sleeves covered his hands. The voluminous hood, pulled over his head against the cool dampness of the morning, largely hid his face.

"Shalom, Jonas." The stranger's voice was oddly familiar, as was something about his appearance. Yet Jonas could not place him.

"Peace be upon you, sir. You know my name?"

"Yes. You once sold some burnet wood for my use."

It was an odd way of expressing it, but Jonas understood that the stranger must, at one time or another, have bought wood from him for his fire. That would also explain the fact that he seemed vaguely familiar.

"You are out early," the man continued.

"I—I could not rest." Driven by the need to confess, Jonas continued, "You see, I sold the thorns for the crown worn by the Prophet of Nazareth when He went to the cross. It—it weighs upon my conscience and I have not been able to rest or eat since."

"Have you not repented?"

"I didn't know they were for Him," Jonas explained. "Abiziah did not tell me what they were for. But I am sorry I sold them and I am sorry for the pain they must have caused him. I tried to tell Jesus that as they were taking Him to the cross, but He could not hear me."

"Perhaps He did hear you."

Jonas shook his head. "He was a long way off; I don't think so. Still, if I was sure the Prophet had heard and that He forgave me . . . it would take a great load from my shoulders." (*Continued on page 82*)

For your hair... new life and beauty

S.3. cleans hair...

goes root-deep down to the follicles where hair cleanliness starts. Gentle, pure, creamy S.3. is a biological shampoo that really makes hair velvet soft and lustrous. And it's safe . . . even for baby. 4/9 jar enough for 4-6 shampoos; 8/9 (family size).

SEBOSYN feeds hair...

nourishes it with near to nature's own ingredients. Rejuvenates lifeless, brittle, over-permed hair . . . sets it, too . . . gives hair fresh life and loveliness. Jars: 6/3 and 10/- (family size).

Steiner

LONDON · PARIS

By Appointment to the late Queen Mary

Obtainable from all top chemists, stores and hairdressers everywhere.

YOUR VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

A truly carefree holiday — with comfort the keynote, yet with the spirit of *adventure* always in the air. That is the promise of a P & O cruise! At every port of call, new discoveries await you . . . the chance to explore historic cities, to delight in the colourful gaiety of excitingly romantic places. And all the while, your home is a splendidly spacious ship — with boundless scope for the energetic and a place in the sun for those who seek to relax. All this is yours when you come cruising with P & O.

First Class accommodation available

come cruising with P&O

Ask your local Travel Agents for details or
P & O 14/16 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, WHItehall 4444
122 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, AVEnue 8000

Through The Commercials

(*Continued from page* 13)

vanity prefer not to own up to ignorance.

There are Gallup and other polls that give commercials certain ratings but their reliability is debatable. The old saying that figures can't lie is an exploded myth. But plain common sense leads to certain conclusions.

Television is a good medium for advertising a demonstrable product whether it is a shampoo, processed cheese or a motor unit for home carpentry. It is also a good way of implanting a name on the public.

Also though it is more expensive to produce an animated film (cartoon or puppets) than a plain photographic one, it has more impact. The animated film can concentrate on the sales points omitting all superfluous details. A straight film, especially of people, must contain distractions. "Doesn't he look like Uncle Fred?" "Do you think she's wearing falsies?" "Oh look at the curtains. That's just what I want for Anne's room."

Perhaps illogically, it irritates viewers to see straight films repeated too often whereas equal repetition of an animated film is bearable.

My own viewing circle adores two amorous oranges that just long to be squeezed into a squash. We all wait for the old lady who lives in a shoe with all her children melodiously shod by a well-known boot manufacturer. Incidentally, the music is almost uniformly good and any number of popular hits have been nipped in the bud because, instead of mooning about love, they extol the virtues of dehydrated soup.

We cheer the arrival of a charming little winged horse that goes soaring through the air to exciting music while someone mentions Flying Horsepower.

The actual name of the petrol associated with the Flying Horsepower has never registered on my mind but we all feel very kindly towards the creator of the horse. This is probably not the object of the advertisement but it is characteristic of a number of advertisements which, in trying to be original or amusing, defeat their own purpose. The product is swamped by the gimmick.

THIS fault and all other faults to date are at the expense of the advertiser and not of the potential customer. The viewer is protected by a strict code drawn up by the Independent Television Authority and confirmed and supplemented by the programme contractors.

For instance, no money-lenders, matrimonial agencies, tipsters, bust developers or undertakers are allowed to advertise. Neither are producers of slimming specifics, smoking cures, or treatments for alcoholism. Only a few patent medicines fall into the categories that may advertise at all and they may not show a doctor, nurse or anyone with a stethoscope (hallmark of authority) recommending the product. That is why there is so much home nursing on commercials; they are not allowed to call a doctor.

The I.T.A. rules allow no exaggerations, detrimental comparisons, obtuse scientific jargon or sales methods that take advantage of children's credulity.

All the regulations, restrictions, high prices add up to the fact that the advertisements that actually appear on commercial television are worth looking at. From now on don't accept them at their face value as simply enticements to make you part with your money. Have fun with the commercials by studying their sales approach. Look through them and spot the gimmick. Assess its impact on you. Notice how the restrictions are carried out, how some advertisements sail close to the wind so far as these are concerned. What is your opinion of animation? Which commercials do you consider a waste of money? How would you improve them? Which do you think will have the greatest general success?

Viewed with a lively interest and a little background knowledge the advertisements can provide as much amusement and stimulation as the more popular panel games. So bless the commercials; they are really adding something to our television pleasures.

END

Grey For Glamour . . .

(*Continued from page* 42)

their purpose being to deepen the existing tone.

Perhaps you have only a few grey hairs. But if to your suspicious, scrutinizing eyes they are as obvious as the wart on Cromwell's nose —then play them up! As the French say, "what you can't disguise, emphasize." Hair paint is one answer: with a pot of silver touch up the curls over your forehead, the hollow of a wave. Raymond's Silver Lustre for one will underline your evening appearance with a silver flourish. Dennis Lord, of Sloane Street, make a similar type of cosmetic.

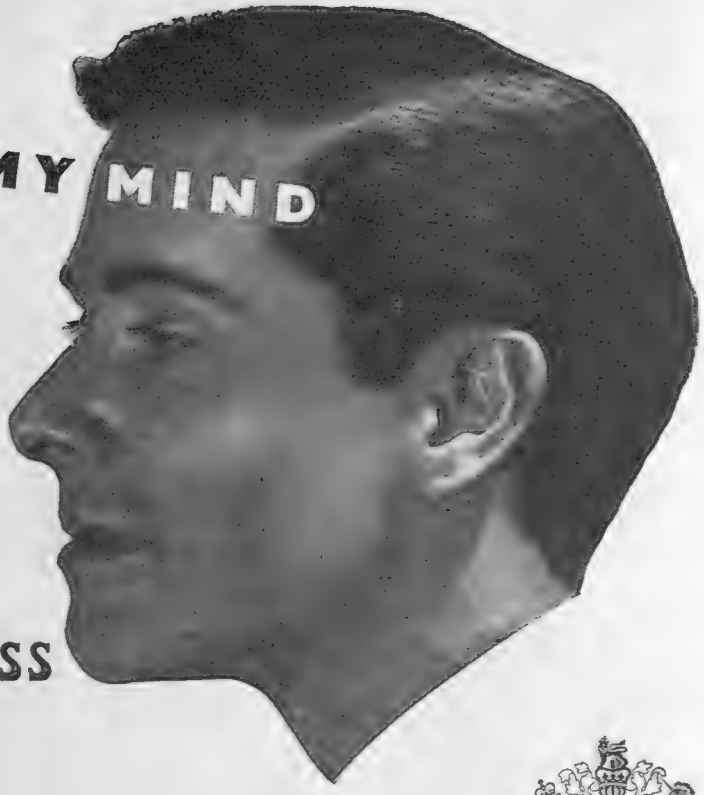
So much for cosmetic aids, now to consider how to keep the hair healthy. As we get older, natural oils tend to dry up to some degree and have to be replaced, or the scalp itself stimulated. Scalp circulation is promoted by vigorous massage with the fingers and steady brush strokes, particularly from neck forwards to crown.

For dry hair, nothing is more beneficial than an application of warm olive oil, rubbed well in round the roots of the hair, and left to dry while the head is swathed in a warm towel.

The second and possibly the most difficult "thing" to do about grey hair is to dress to it.

Complexionwise, the skin is always changing, albeit very, very gradually, but this alteration is most noticeable when the hair has changed colour as well. Gone, mercifully, (*Continued on page* 85)

IT CROSSED MY MIND



that here am I with a standard of living quite a bit above the average; yet in one respect I am going on in a groove, when for the sake of the odd pennies I could be enjoying the best cigarettes in the world—

4/- FOR 20
also in 10 · 25 · 50 · 100 (including round air-tight tins of 50)

STATE EXPRESS 555

E.50

The Best Cigarettes in the World

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.

THE HOUSE OF STATE EXPRESS 210. PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

"... and so that our WALLS will always look beautiful we'll use

WALLCHARM

RUBBERISED

SATIN OIL PAINT

This beautiful Matt Finish lasts for years. Easily applied, easily washed or scrubbed, its original freshness is instantly restored.

Ideal too, for KITCHENS and Bathrooms as it is rubberised and steam-proof

If you prefer a GLOSS FINISH use: WALLCHARM KITCHEN ENAMEL

FREE! Send for COLOUR SCHEME BOOKLET full of new ideas—many in colour—also Shade Cards to: COLTHURST & HARDING LTD. (Dept. B.) BRISTOL 4

Meet Mr Brandyman

He's worth cultivating. Always ready to fit his mood to yours. In the company of ginger ale or soda he offers you the choice of two stimulating and refreshing long drinks.

Make friends with

MARTELL

BRANDY

A Crown Of Thorns (*Continued from page 79*)

"I am sure He heard you, Jonas," the stranger said reassuringly. "And I am sure He forgives you."

"But if I only had some way of knowing for certain. Then I could rest in my mind."

"Since you meant no harm and are truly repentant, surely Jesus will give you a sign that He forgives you."

The mere assurance that the Prophet of Nazareth might have heard him and forgiven him lifted a great load from Jonas's shoulders. And if, as the stranger had suggested, there could be some sign confirming it, he would feel guilty no more.

But then some of his depression returned, for no one would even listen to a hunchback wood gatherer, he remembered, and certainly not a man going to his death unjustly. For him to have a sign, there would also have to be a miracle. And God must be busy with much more important matters than the troubles of a crippled wood gatherer.

STILL, the stranger had really sounded as if he were sure. He had even said about the crucified man, Jonas remembered now, "And I am sure He forgives you."

Forgives, Jonas repeated to himself. Could he mean that Jesus of Nazareth was still alive? Although Zadok had seen Him die on the cross?

"Sir, you said—" Dumbfounded, Jonas stopped, for no one was with him any more.

Eleazar plodded on and, reaching the place where the path turned off to ascend the hill on which the burnet thornbushes grew, entered it and began the daily climb.

Jonas stood in the road alone, scratching his head perplexedly. The stranger had been beside him only an instant before, for they had been talking. Yet now there was no sign of him anywhere. Jonas could even remember his last words, which had been, "Surely Jesus will give you a sign that He forgives you."

LOOKING up now, Jonas realized that Eleazar had gone on before him. He saw the mule climbing the path up the hill to the place where they always gathered wood. As he hurried to catch the animal, he came around an outcropping rock near where he had pulled up the clump of thorn bushes that night, the one he had taken to the palace of the high priest. And there he stopped, a great wonder and joy filling his heart.

Across the whole hillside stretched the green blanket of the thorn bushes, each leafy cluster almost ready to burst into bloom. But in the clump from which he had uprooted the single bush was a mass of tiny red blossoms, each one like the single drop of blood that appears after the prick of a thorn. Only this one clump was in blossom, only this one clump was red; everywhere else the bushes were green.

"The sign!" Jonas cried and dropped to his knees. "He walked beside me, and He gave me the sign." With tears streaming down his cheeks he knelt before the blood-red blossoms of the thorn bush.

Returning to the city that afternoon with his load of wood, Jonas heard the exciting news that Jesus of Nazareth had arisen from the dead. And if some wondered why Jonas smiled with a strange look of pride, it was because they could not possibly know or believe that he, the wood gatherer of Jerusalem, had been singled out from all the others to furnish the crown—for the King of Kings.

END

DEDICATION

And you, my Lady, to whose lap I bring
This little treasure of my voyaging,
Of you I take how much, of how great worth—
Of your hands healing, peace of your good care
Of your hope strength all perilous things to dare,
And fellowship in you with Love and Earth.

Yes, we published this tribute to his wife by John Drinkwater in the February issue. But in error we gave the year 1935. In fact, it was one of a collection written between 1908 and 1917.

Lullaby for One (*Continued from page 31*)

exasperated whisper, knowing he wouldn't hear, simply to relieve herself.

"Come, come, my darling, you don't want to keep on doing that, I'm sure you don't. You've loved and cherished and protected me and the children for ten wonderful years . . . and it doesn't make sense to torture me to death now, does it? You never used to snore. What is it they say? After thirty, everybody snores. I don't believe it . . . it's too horrible a thought to contemplate . . . go on, turn over at least. You do have a side, you know . . . and sometimes you don't snore when you're on it. It's just plain inconsiderate to fall asleep on your back like that! What would happen if I dropped a raw oyster down your throat, I wonder . . . at least the sound effects would change. . . . Oh, God, stop it, stop it, *stop it*.

"Ted! Ted, please turn over——"

"Huh? Wha's matter? Wha's wrong? Something wrong?"

"No. Nothing's wrong. You were snoring."

"Again? . . . Sorry, dear . . . time's it?" He turned on his side and fell asleep again without waiting for an answer.

LIZ watched him anxiously. Was it going to work this time? The seconds stretched into minutes and the blessed silence continued. She unclenched her fingers, leaned back and smiled shakily. Her sense of humour usually began to function the minute the noises stopped. Poor Ted. What a goose she was. Other women had husbands who snored, and it didn't make them candidates for a ride in one of those little barred wagons. . . .

It was certainly funny. They warned you about the pitfalls of marriage, the big things, which somehow never seemed to materialize between Ted and her, but nobody ever said a word about the little things . . . drops of water plopping on the top of your head at regular intervals until you were in torment.

That was it! Snores were so—so *regular*. That rhythm. That inescapable, never-changing, rising and falling rhythm. If only people snored in three-quarter time, or eighth notes, or—well, anything you could ignore!

She frowned as she went down to the second layer of the box beside her in search of a chocolate-covered cherry.

She had to admit that Ted was a lamb about the whole thing. So anxious not to annoy her with his snoring that often she was ashamed of herself for not being able to stand it better. And when she simply had to wake him or jump out of her skin, he was usually sweet and co-operative and sorry.

But lately, he had come forth with some disturbing responses. Once he'd muttered, "Nuts!" and then there was the time he'd said, "So what?" And just last night, "What d'you want me to do—kill myself?"

She believed him when he said he didn't remember saying any of those awful things. Half-drugged with sleep, he probably didn't. The retorts were coming from his subconscious, but they did show resentment. Unconscious but there just the same.

Ted had flopped over on his back and it wouldn't be long now. Fascinated, she waited as he tuned up with a few preliminary flutterings of his soft palate. Here we go again. This was going to be a truly histrionic performance. He was going to shake the house to its very foundations. He was going to shake her smack into a fit——

"*Ted!*"

"Drop dead. . ." he said with startling clarity.

SHE was so stunned she couldn't move for a moment. Then she rose, turned out all the lights and walked back to their bedroom, stopping only long enough to pull an extra blanket over each of her little daughters. Ted could stay on the couch all night for all she cared. He could snore his head off. He could wake up feeling like something in a strait-jacket. She didn't care. She wasn't going to wake him again. Drop dead, indeed. Just let him try to tell her she was making *that* one up in the morning!

She lay awake for a long time. Something would have to be done, but what? Ear-plugs? No, tempting as the thought was, Ted slept much too soundly to hear the children if they called during the night. How dreadful if there should be a real emergency and neither of them able to hear a sound!

She fluffed her pillow and lit a cigarette. Somebody had told her about a woman who slept with a cane and poked her husband vigorously with it every time he snored. Also tempting, but not for her. Ted just might take the cane and break it over her head. In his sleep, of course! Oh, dear. . .oh, dear. .

Wait. I think I've got it. *I've got it!* It was the only possible solution. Why hadn't she thought of it before? Ted would be just as tickled as she was.

SHE snubbed out her cigarette, curled up like the soft, green-eyed kitten she resembled and in a few seconds was fast asleep.

"Good morning, Mrs. Traynor. I trust you slept well?"

"Good morning, Mr. Traynor. I did, thank you." Liz thought how nice he looked freshly shaven, his blue eyes bright and clear, his grey suit expertly tailored to his big frame. He had chosen a tie of which she was especially fond—a soft green tweed one.

"Children gone?"

"This is their morning for the early bus." She handed him a glass of orange juice and began transferring bacon and eggs from pan to plate. She liked having breakfast with Ted on the mornings the children left early. It was cosy, peaceful and companionable.

"It's ready, sit down."

"If I can. I'm stiff this morning. You wouldn't have any idea why, would you?"

She poured milk in her coffee and offered him the toast. "Marmalade, darling?"

"Why'd you leave me on the couch all night? How many times have I——"

"I tried to wake you. You told me to—to drop dead."

"Oh, Liz. That imagination of yours reminds me of the man who jumped on his horse and rode off in all directions. I wouldn't say anything like that, you know it! You were hearing things——"

"I was, was I? Now, you listen to me, Edward Traynor. You were snoring to beat the band. You were making the night hideous, and I——"

"Well, I'm sorry. I don't do it on purpose. I don't even know I'm doing it. If I did, I'd quit. Besides—" he grinned at her, "you have a few little habits of your own, my sweet."

Liz turned pale. (*Continued on page 86*)

Kangol Hats Ltd, Vereker House, 19,22 Rathbone Place, London, W.1

Chic from every angle

This Easter Bonnet,
designed by Aage Thaarup,
is in straw and velvet,
and is also available
in felt and velvet.
The price is about 49/11

KANGOL

Kontempries

designed by Aage Thaarup

CHRISTA

RYDALE

The line emphasised is the moulded
slimness of Crossed Contour,
giving a crossed-stroked elegance
to the shallow Spring court,
a simplicity of ease to the Stroller,
enhancing the smoothness
of Clarks Country Club.

CROSSED CONTOUR

FAILAND

CHRISTA 69/9
Truffle, teak or
black bespoke calf.

RYDALE 69/9
Bamboo or filbert
mellocalf.

FAILAND 67/6
Cherry red, avocado
green, filbert or
bamboo mellocalf.

Clarks
Country Club
for town days and country ways

Nearest shop? | *write CLARKS, Dept.A.2, Street, Somerset—and ask for a style leaflet*

Elizabeth's Garden

(*Continued from page 55*)

with stone chippings or pea gravel. This improves the appearance of the garden and also ensures good drainage round the sensitive crowns of plants, where moisture tends to collect and stagnate during the Winter. This is where rotting off chiefly occurs. A certain amount of evaporation is prevented during the Summer, thus helping to keep the soil moist during dry weather.

If you are thinking of building a rock garden, and have no natural slope on your land, do not start with a mound of earth with rocks set into it. It seldom looks natural and tends to dry out completely during the Summer, with disastrous results to the plants.

Start by hollowing out a curving valley of different levels, with sloping sides where the rocks will have the look of natural outcrops. Make pockets of soil between them to take the plants.

Talking of mounds—if you grow marrows on banks or mounds, plant them at the *bottom* of the slope and let them grow up and over it. They are far less likely to dry out this way, than if you plant them at the top.

When tulips finish flowering, lift them and heel them into a corner of the vegetable garden where they can ripen and die down properly. Then when the Autumn comes the biggest and best can be planted out somewhere for cutting. They really make a good show the second year.

If you grow tulips in your herbaceous border, fill the gaps they leave when they are lifted with a variety of flowers such as antirrhinums, zinnias, dwarf dahlias and so on.

Lift forget-me-nots when they are over, and heel them in in a suitable corner to seed. The following Spring you will have all the plants you need.

THIS is the moment to curb weeds by hoeing, otherwise they flower and seed in no time and plague you for the rest of the year. The exception is the strawberry bed. We do have hard frosts quite late in May, and if they are bad enough to blacken the strawberry flowers the first flush of fruits will be very light. On cold nights, the heat from the soil warms the air round the strawberry plants, and often wards off one or two degrees of frost. So do nothing to prevent this warmth from rising around the strawberries. By hoeing the ground, we create a loose layer of soil, which prevents the heat from rising. The same thing happens if straw is laid round the plants too soon. Time enough for this in June.

For the rest of the garden—the flower borders, rose beds, fruit bushes, and so on—this is the time to put on a generous mulch. A layer, two or three inches deep, of peat, rotted compost, hop manure, bark fibre and so on, applied when the soil has warmed up and is still moist, keeps the weeds down and retains the moisture. Mulch put on too early prevents the soil from warming up, and likewise, put on during a dry spell, prevents moisture from penetrating it.

The lovely Summer of last year was good for outdoor tomatoes, and most people had bumper crops. We hope this year will be the same, but if you cannot grow them in a greenhouse and want to make sure of fruit ripened on the plant try a few of the varieties Atom and Amateur. These are dwarfs and need not be staked, though it is advisable to prop them up off the ground. They grow comfortably under flat topped cloches, and towards the end of the season if they grow rather tall, take the top off the cloche leaving the sides to protect and ripen them.

After you have picked your first row of peas (how wonderful the first dish of peas taste!) don't allow yourself to think of them as one of Summer's short-lived pleasures. Sow peas at fortnightly intervals until the end of June, and go on enjoying them until the last picking in October.

END

Grey For Glamour . . .

(*Continued from page 80*)

are the days when greying hair meant switching to the insipidity of the duller pastel colours.

True, pale colours *are* becoming but they are as much for the teenager as for the thirty-plus. But bright colours, if you have always been a bright-colour person, are rejuvenating, vitalizing, invigorating—provided, only, that they are bright without being hard. For instance, wear a bright soft royal blue, but not the harsh electric blue that is so near it in shade but so different in effect.

Finally, in his book *Look Younger Live Longer*, Gayelord Hauser explains how scientific research has shown that hair growth and pigmentation are regulated by the vitamin B group, together with iron and iodine. Why not swallow a few vitamin tablets and wait for your hair to turn brown again by the next week, you say?

The answer is that it has been proved that, while brewers' yeast, wheat germ, black treacle and yoghourt (all rich in the B vitamins) do help in the healthy growth and natural colour of the hair, a diet containing these foods must be followed for a considerable time if an improvement is to be obtained or maintained. (Apropos, they are extremely good for the general health.)

So, between the two extremes—of dreading greyness, and of meeting it with dreary resignation—lies our goal, an elegance flowering from distinction, confidence and experience, illumined by the silver highlights of a well-kept head of hair.

END

New!
FROM AMERICA

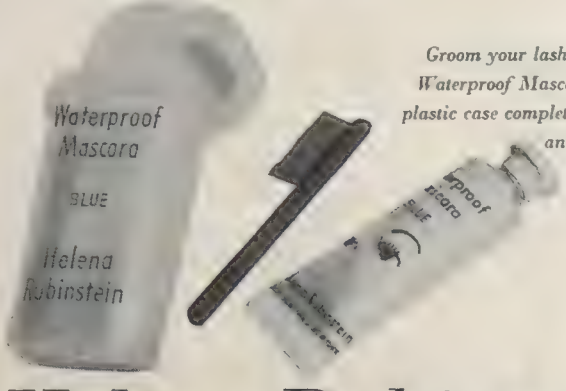
Helena Rubinstein's
creamier
WATERPROOF MASCARA

won't smudge — won't run
— stays put even when you cry!

THIS IS EXCITING! Helena Rubinstein has developed a miraculous new mascara that stays put even when you cry! . . . American WATERPROOF MASCARA . . . simply won't smear, streak or run—your eyes look lovely *all* the time. Its special creamy texture gives a longer, thicker, lovelier-than-ever sweep to your lashes. In black, brown, blue, green or grey, 10/6.

DRAMATIC NEW EYE-BEAUTY

To intensify the colour of your eyes, make them seem larger, more lustrous even than they are—smooth Helena Rubinstein's EYE SHADOW over the upper lids. Seven lovely shades, 7/6. For perfect eye-beauty, smooth-out crow's feet, crêpey eyelids and eye-puffiness with YOUTHIFYING EYE CREAM, 9/-.



Groom your lashes with New Waterproof Mascara in smart plastic case complete with brush and tube, 10/6.

Helena Rubinstein

3 GRAFTON STREET, LONDON, W.1 · PARIS · NEW YORK

Lullaby for One (*Continued from page 82*)

"You don't mean—I'm not—Oh, Ted, I don't *snore*, do I?"

He put down his fork and pretended to consider the matter. "Once in a while. Nothing much. Very soft and ladylike."

"I don't believe it! Why, I'd die——"

"It doesn't bother me. What drives me crazy is when you hold your breath."

"Hold my—my *what?*"

"You take a long breath and then you hold it. You hold it and hold it and hold it. And I lie there in a stew waiting for you to let it out again. I don't see how anybody can *not* breathe for such a long time and I am afraid you won't start again."

"Ted, honestly," she giggled, "I never heard of anything so silly. You know I'm not going to stop breathing. Nobody my age who isn't sick ever just—just stops breathing."

"Yes, I know it, but it doesn't help. I can't go back to sleep because I keep waiting. Once I lit a match to see if you were turning purple. It's awful. Like waiting for some chap to drop the other shoe."

"I had no idea . . ." she hesitated. This was a perfect time to bring up her solution to what she now realized was a double-edged problem. "Ted, I've been thinking. . . ."

"Careful," he murmured.

"Will you please stop clowning for a few minutes and listen? We aren't, well, I mean —" she paused, blushing a little, "we aren't honeymooners any more. We aren't even young-married. We're——"

"Yes, I know. Just a couple of old wrecks of thirty odd." He reached over and took her hands. "Ten wonderful years, Liz. I hope the next ten are as good!"

SHE almost weakened. She would miss having him bumbling around the bedroom, looking like a big, blue-eyed teddy bear in his woolly pyjamas, teasing her, interrupting her reading. . . .

"I'm afraid they might not be," she said softly, "if we keep on disturbing each other's rest. Ted, why don't we give the girls our big room and each take one of the smaller bedrooms? I wouldn't have to wake you every time you snored and you could have your desk in there, a real den. . . ." He was looking at her so strangely that her voice faltered, "It's the only sensible thing to do."

Still he said nothing.

"You know what I mean," she hurried on. "I like to read in bed. You don't. And my light must disturb you even though you say it doesn't. You hate to have me smoke in there and you're right, of course. It's dangerous and as you've pointed out several times, you don't enjoy sleeping in a room that smells like a pub. But I *love* to smoke in bed. If I were by myself I could, without feeling so guilty every time. And, darling, I might as well tell you the truth. I simply cannot endure that wretched snoring one more night."

"Is there anything else about me you don't like?" he asked politely. "My table manners? The way I part my hair? My taste in clothes?"

He rose and stood looking down at her for a long moment. "As long as I wear the trousers in this family, there'll be no separate bedrooms. Is that clear?" He glared at her suspiciously, "*If* I wear them!"

"You do, you do, you do. You wear them all—town, country and full-dress. For heaven's sake, this is so—so childish." She followed him out to the hall and watched him put on his hat and coat. When he bent down to kiss her goodbye, she put her arms around his neck, nibbled his left ear and whispered, "Darling, please just think it over, will you? It—it has certain possibilities . . . romantic ones . . . "

"What the hell do you think this is?" he roared. "A grade C film?"

Liz stared after him indignantly. Wasn't that just like a man? You tried to arrange things for his comfort and convenience (not to mention your own!) and then he got stuffy. As if having separate bedrooms was a disgrace or something. . . .

She returned the marmalade, butter and milk to the refrigerator, then made a sinkful of billowy suds for the breakfast dishes.

Still, Liz was positive that the title of an article she had read recently had been "Snoring Can Break Up A Marriage." With authentic case histories and everything. She could believe it.

As she was putting the last clean dish away in the cupboard, it came to her. An idea, stunning in its simplicity. She knew exactly how she was going to convince Ted now. If only she didn't weaken or start feeling sorry for him!

Now, let's see . . . was that new record shop in Piccadilly or Shaftesbury Avenue?

Two nights later, Mr. and Mrs. Traynor went to the cinema, came home, ate two apples apiece, and prepared to retire.

Liz waited until Ted was comfortably settled in bed before she lugged in an odd-looking piece of machinery and plugged it into a wall-socket.

"Hey!" He sat up, interested. "What's that?"

"A tape recorder. I rented it two days ago. It's the newest kind. Just think! It plays for two hours straight without having to be rewound."

"Isn't it a little late for a concert?" He sounded puzzled.

"Oh, I don't think so. I've listened to this particular concert at all hours. Ssssh! It's going to start."

She sat, hugging herself with delight. Ted's snores, which she had recorded the previous night while he slept, were coming out with gratifying clarity and volume. This was definitely one time she didn't mind listening to them.

"The thing's broken," he grumbled. "Funny. Sounds just like some chap is snoring his head off."

"Some chap is, darling. You. How do you like it?"

"*Me?*" He listened for a moment in pleased surprise. "Well, for heaven's sake. Well, what do you know. S-a-a-y, that's jolly good, isn't it?"

"Yes. It's very good. I don't think you've ever done better. But, wait. . . ."

AS he continued to listen, an awed look spread over his face. "Golly! Am I really doing that all by myself? It's a howl, Liz, a howl. But I don't get it. What's the idea of going to so much trouble?"

"Why, it was no trouble at all. I just thought I would like to lie here and watch you try to sleep with that thing on. You know, like I have to do every night. Maybe, then, you won't be so unreasonable about shifting bedrooms."

"Oh!" He glared at her. "So that's it. Well, thank God, *I'm* not a jittery female. I can sleep through anything." He flopped over in bed and reached up to turn off the light. "Can you watch me sleep in the dark just as well, sweetheart?"

"Certainly, angel-face. I'll know if you're really asleep."

One hour later, she heard a weak, weary, "I give up. Turn it off. For God's sake, turn that blasted thing off before I pitch it out of the window and you after it!"

At the doorway to her new bedroom, Liz hesitated. It looked strange without Ted's bed and wardrobe, his hairbrushes, the big tennis trophy he had won shortly after they were married, his clothes scattered on every available surface. There was nothing in the room now that wasn't completely feminine.

She lay awake that first night for a long time. There were no snores and everything was blissfully quiet; but she could not fall asleep. She heard the clock strike one, then two. This is nonsense, she told herself firmly, go to sleep, it's just that everything is so strange, you'll get used to it. . . .

It wasn't until her fourth distraught night that a dreadful suspicion began to nibble at her. Could it be that she was unable to sleep because she *missed* Ted's snores? Not the early ones, which made it so difficult to fall asleep, but the steady, all-night *obligato* which in some way, must have soothed and reassured her *while* she slept.

Oh no, oh no. Although it was one thirty in the morning, she was so upset she put on her robe and mules and tiptoed into the living-room where she could pace more freely and try to think this thing through.

But she didn't really have to think. She knew that she had finally stumbled on the truth, although it was excruciatingly painful to admit it, even to herself. What a strange thing the subconscious was! Awake, the snores were intolerable. But asleep—ah, *then* they must have spoken a different language.

HERE I am . . . Ted . . . close by, near enough so that you can reach out and touch me if you are ill or frightened or want me . . . and I'll be here, close to you as long as we live . . . because I love you. . . .

Liz did something she had never done before—she poured herself a stiff brandy. She sipped it slowly, hoping it would help her to sleep.

On her way back to her room, she paused a moment at Ted's door. No snores. Was that the radio on very softly at this time of night? She tapped lightly on his door.

"Come in. . . ."

"Ted, what are you doing? It's two o'clock in the morning!"

"I know," he grinned at her a little sheepishly, and no wonder. The radio was on, some night-owl programme, and he was *smoking* in bed. "Couldn't get to sleep for some reason. Thought maybe some tobacco fumes might help."

"I'm restless, too." She sat down on the edge of his bed. There was a long silence. Ted smoked.

"Ted . . . have you been sleeping well lately?"

HE blew a lazy smoke-ring at the ceiling. "If you mean since we changed bedrooms —no. I didn't want to tell you because I knew how much it meant to you to get away from my snoring, but——"

Her heart leaped. So he had missed her, too! He raised himself on one elbow, put an arm around her and kissed the little hollow under her chin.

"Were these the romantic possibilities you had in mind, Mrs. Traynor?"

She pressed his head against her breast. This was no time for false pride. This was no time for anything except to let him know the truth. That even if his snoring drove her stark, staring mad, she did not want separate bedrooms.

"I never did care for Grade C films," she whispered, "especially in the wintertime. . . ."

END

Romper Suit

(*Continued from page 40*)

9 W) 5 times, 1 B.

11th row : (2 B, 7 W, 1 B) 5 times, 1 B.

12th row : (3 B, 5 W, 2 B) 5 times, 1 B.

13th row : (4 B, 3 W, 3 B) 5 times, 1 B.

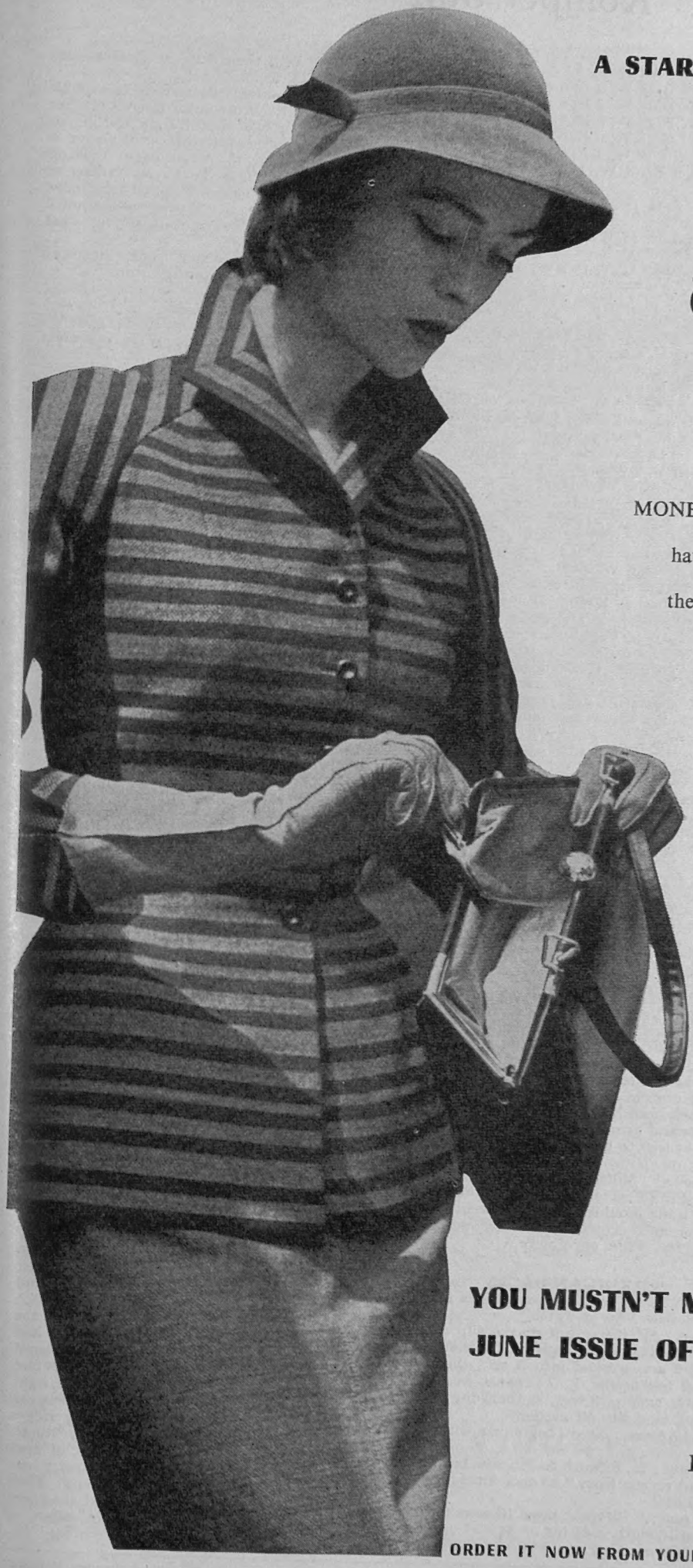
14th row : (5 B, 1 W, 4 B) 5 times, 1 B.

15th-18th rows : All B. This completes waist.**

Next row : K. 22, inc. in each of next 41 sts., k. 22. (126 sts.) Work straight for 1½ (1½, 2) ins.

The Armholes : Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, 2 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows and dec. at both ends of next 3 k. rows. (110 sts.) Work straight until length is 2¾ (2¾, 3¼) ins. from end of waist.

The Yoke : Next k. row : With finer needles K. 9, (k. 2 tog., k. 1) 31 times, k. 8. (79 sts.) P. 1 row. Begin pattern. (*Continued overleaf*)



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Romper Suit

(*Continued from page* 86)

1st-4th rows : All B.
5th row : 14 B, (1 W, 9 B) 6 times, 5 B.
6th row : 13 B, (3 W, 7 B) 6 times, 6 B.
7th row : 12 B, (5 W, 5 B) 6 times, 7 B.
8th row : 11 B, (7 W, 3 B) 6 times, 8 B.
9th row : 10 B, (9 W, 1 B) 6 times, 9 B.
10th row : 9 B, (5 W, 1 B, 4 W) 6 times, 1 W, 9 B.
11th row : 8 B, (5 W, 3 B, 2 W) 6 times, 3 W, 8 B.
12th row : 7 B, (5 W, 5 B) 6 times, 5 W, 7 B.
13th row : 6 B, 5 W, (7 B, 3 W) 6 times 2 W, 6 B.
14th row : 5 B, 5 W, (9 B, 1 W) 6 times. 4 W, 5 B.
15th row : 6 B, 5 W, 57 B, 5 W, 6 B.
16th row : 7 B, 5 W, 55 B, 5 W, 7 B.
17th row : 8 B, 5 W, 53 B, 5 W, 8 B.
18th row : 9 B, 5 W, 51 B, 5 W, 9 B.
19th row : 10 B, 5 W, 5 B, cast off 39 B, k. 4 more B (making 5 B), 5 W, 10 B. Now finish two sides separately.
20th row : 9 B, 5 W, 6 B.
21st row : 7 B, 5 W, 8 B.
22nd row : 7 B, 5 W, 8 B.
23rd row : 9 B, 5 W, 6 B.
24th row : 5 B, 5 W, 10 B.
25th-28th rows : Repeat 23rd, 22nd, 21st and 20th rows.
29th row : 5 B, 5 W, 10 B.

Repeat 20th-29th rows until length from 5th row of crutch is 19 (19½, 20) ins. Break B. Work 6 rows st.st. in W and dec. at both ends of alternate rows. Cast off. Join B wool to neck edge of opposite side and work to correspond with first side, beginning at 20th row.

Neck Edging. 1st row : Use finer needles and with right side facing and B pick up and k. 70 (74, 78) sts. along neck edge, excluding the last 6 W rows.

2nd row : Dec.,* p. until 2 sts. before st. at corner of neck, p. 2 tog., p. 1, p. 2 tog., repeat from *, p. to end and p. 2 tog. K. 1 row.

4th row : Dec. at both ends and inc. on either side of sts. at corner of neck. K. 1 row.

6th row : As 4th row. Cast off.

BACK

Work as front to * then rib (k. 1, p. 1) 18 rows. Finish as front from **.

TO MAKE UP THE ROMPER

Press parts, except ribbing under a damp cloth. Join side seams. Along leg edges, with W and finer needles pick up and k. 72 (76, 80) sts. Rib 6 rows and cast off in rib. Along armhole edges, pick up and k. with W 72 (76, 80) sts. excluding the last 6 rows of shoulder. Work 5 rows st.st. and dec. at both ends of alternate rows. Cast off. Sew hems on crutch. Press edgings and seams. Turn back and fell the edgings on neck, shoulders and armholes. Sew ends of ribbed borders of legs to hems of crutch, leaving an opening on both sides of front to form buttonholes. Make another buttonhole in middle of front crutch and 3 buttonhole loops on each front shoulder. Sew buttons to back shoulders and crutch to correspond with buttonholes. Press once more.

CARDIGAN BACK

Cast on 83 sts. with coarser needles and B.
1st-6th rows : St. st.
7th row : *P. 3 tog. but do not slip off left needle, k. same 3 sts. tog. and p. them tog. making 3 sts. worked into 3 sts., then slip them off left needle, k. 7 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., then p. 3 tog., k. them tog and p. them tog. and slip off needle.
8th-14th rows : St.st. beginning with a p. row.
15th row : K. 5, work as 7th row beginning at * and repeat from * to end, finishing k. 5 instead of 7.
16th row : P. Repeat these 16 rows for pattern until length is 4½ ins.
The Sleeves : Cast on 15 sts. at end of next 2 rows (113 sts.) then work in pattern until sleeve is 4 (4½, 5) ins.
The Neck. Next row : Pattern 43, cast off 27, pattern to end. Proceed on last 43 sts. for 1 inch. Keep sleeve edge straight and inc. at front edge in alternate rows until sleeve is 8 (9, 10) ins. from its cast-on edge. Cast off 15 sts. at beginning of next row starting at sleeve edge and continue to inc. at front edge until there are 63 sts. Work straight until front is same length as back to sleeve. Cast off.

Return to sts. for second front. Begin at front edge and finish as for first front.

CUFFS (2)

With finer needles, cast on 10 sts. with W. K. every row until length is 7, (7, 7½) ins. when slightly stretched. Cast off.

COLLAR AND FRONT BORDER

With finer needles, cast on 5 sts. with W. K. every row and inc. at end of 1st and every 6th row until there are 18 sts. Measure the length of this shaping. Work straight until length from beginning is of such a length that when a corresponding length of shaping is added the total will be 20 (21, 22) ins. Dec. at shaped edge in next and every 6th row until 5 sts. remain, k. 5 rows. Cast off.

The Lower Border : Work as cuffs, but for 23 (24, 25) ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press body part of cardigan on wrong side. Sew collar and border in position. Stitch cuffs along sleeve edges. Sew side and sleeve seams. Turn back cuffs. Sew lower border along lower edge. Make a loop buttonhole along each end of the border. Sew the large button to opposite front on right side and smaller button on the inside of front lower border. Press lightly.

END

Cover Jersey

(*Continued from page* 41)

than for body of work 3 ins. Cast off.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Hand Knitting : With No. 11 needles.
Machine Knitting : Using main tension.

Working in st.st. cast on 14 sts., work 2 rows, then cast on 9 sts. at beginning of next and every alternate row until 122 sts. Work without shaping for 13 ins. ending with a p. row. Cast off 9 sts. at the beginning of the next and every alternate row until 14 sts. remain. Work 1 row. Cast off.

CUFFS (2)

Hand Knitting : With No. 13 needles.
Machine Knitting : Change to tension 2 sizes smaller than for body of work.

Cast on 73 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 5 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press st.st. parts of garment with warm iron over a damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams, sew on sleeves, then join side and sleeve seams. Sew cuff seams and stitch to end of sleeves. Turn up ¾-in. hem at the bottom of the garment on the wrong side and slip hem. Sew up hood seams with a laced stitch to make invisible seams. To do this face the two pieces of fabric to be seamed right side to right side and keep a finger between them. Seam together corresponding ridges to lock seam, stitch twice into every 6th st.

Make 34 pompons by using 3 yds. of wool for each and two pieces of cardboard cut slightly smaller than a halfpenny. Fluff pompons with a suède brush and then sew at regular intervals round edge of collar.

END

1.4.56

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